Victory Sports Series

JULY 1972
47344 K 60¢

Inside Wrestling

SPECIAL ISSUE!

MORE EXCLUSIVE PICTURES AND STORIES THAN EVER BEFORE

BRUNO'S STARTLING REVELATION:
"LOSING THE CHAMPIONSHIP WAS THE GREATEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO ME!"

THE CONVICT'S ON THE LOOSE AGAIN!

IS PANTERA NEGRA AFRAID OF DALE LEWIS?

BONUS FEATURES

★ ABDULLAH FAROUK ADMITS:
"I'M ALSO THE

PRESENTS **THE TRIM MASCULINE**

Here's where you shop for your "BODY SHAPERS FOR THE 70's"—to Shape You Up—to help You Lose Weight or Gain Weight—and create a more Masculine, Virile You!

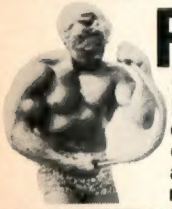
1

MUSCLE UP & MAKE OUT!

PUT MUSCLE IN YOUR MUSCLES WITH ONE TWIST!

Quickly add up to 2" on your arms, 4" on your chest. Build rippling back muscles. Thick, broad shoulders. The power to lift girls over your head with one arm! One twist of the "007" TWISTER and every muscle in your body ripples with new vigor and power. Builds strong muscles FAST!—muscles that make you an action-packed guy and a supercharged tiger with the girls! Easy-to-use. No adjustments. No assembly. Use it right out of the box for instant muscle-building fun! Made of chromed-steel tubing, the TWISTER is tough . . . durable . . . like *you'll* be! Guaranteed to muscle you up or your money back. ORDER NOW! Only **$9.98**

GUARANTEE: If after using the TWISTER 3 days you're not convinced you can quickly twist it for cobra-like muscles in your arms . . . more muscles on your chest . . . broader shoulders . . . wider back . . . a he-man grip and dynamic power—then return it after 5 days for a full refund. Fair? So order the "007" TWISTER **Now,** while the limited supply lasts! This unusual offer may not be repeated again this year.



FREE! Complete, illustrated "007" POWER TWISTER Manual. Also, illustrated conditioning course, dealing with the new aerobics training that muscularizes your body with athletic vigor, speed and agility. Written by Joe Weider, Trainer of Champions. Yours FREE with your TWISTER. ORDER NOW!

EXTRA BONUS GIFT: 3 copies of Muscle Builder magazine, worth $1.80 . . . yours FREE!

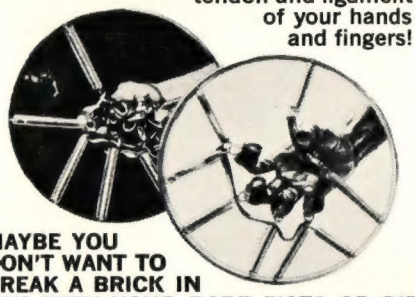
PRICED AT ONLY

$9.98

WITH COURSE

2 This "Killer Karate Krusher" gives you pulverizing hand power!

Just 5 minutes a day for 30 days builds your hands into granite-hard battering-rams of power! Simply fit your fingers into the leather grippers, and with your very first squeeze, you'll instantly start building invincible new power into every tendon and ligament of your hands and fingers!



MAYBE YOU DON'T WANT TO BREAK A BRICK IN TWO WITH YOUR BARE FISTS OR RIP A PHONE BOOK IN HALF — BUT WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF YOU COULD?

Here's a brand new way . . . a fantastically successful system that turns your hands into fearsome, devastating arsenals of power! Based on centuries-old secrets of Japanese Killer Cults and a Space Age hand-building principle, my KILLER KARATE KRUSHER can make you into a two-fisted tank of power . . . able to take care of yourself . . . anytime . . . anywhere . . . in all situations! You'll never again fear any man or turn away from any challenge. ORDER IT TODAY! Only **$9.98** postpaid.

MY GUARANTEE TO YOU: You'll own fearsome, ferocious, crippling arsenals of hand power—and become a "Terror-Fighter," able to take care of yourself in every situation — IN 30 DAYS — or your money back!

GREAT FOR SPORTS, TOO! **FEAR NO MAN!**

FREE My "Killer Karate" Course . . . "The Deadly Art of Hand Fighting." Shows dozens of ways to disarm and counter-attack any man, whatever his size! Yours FREE if you order the KILLER KARATE KRUSHER **Now!**

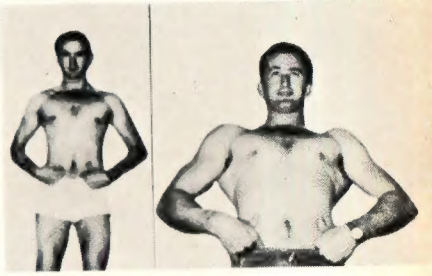
PRICED AT ONLY

$9.98

KARATE KRUSHER & COURSE

3 THE END OF THE SKINNY BODY

Drink on as much as 14 pounds in the next 14 days this delicious FUN way!



BEFORE—James Parker at a thin 158 pounds.

AFTER 14 days on the Crash-Weight Plan, Jim weighed 175 pounds.

GAINS 14 POUNDS IN 14 DAYS!

HEY YOU SKINNY GUYS! Thousands are doing it every day. WHY NOT YOU? Here's a totally new breed of nutritional "wildcat" drink that's guaranteed to put an end to your hungry-looking, muscle-poor body . . . through a new, scientifically-blended milkshake-tasting drink. **Crash-Weight Formula #7 Plan** puts meat on your frame. Fleshes out your narrow, shallow chest, skinny arms and spindly legs. Nobody likes a bag of bones! With my proven **Crash-Weight** Plan you just drink 4 milk-shake-delicious glasses with your regular meals and take in an extra 3500 calories daily . . . to help you pile on the weight FAST! (It's the calories that count when you want to put on some handsome weight!) The nice thing about my **weight-gain plan** is that it's so easy to take. No complicated exercises to do. No bloating, heavy-as-lead foods to force into your system. The **Formula #7 Plan** does all the work . . . you just sit around, take it easy, be as lazy as you want —and in a few days you'll see measurable weight gains pile up! Check the coupon for the Plan and flavor you want to use to put an end to your skinny body. **Guaranteed to put weight on you or your money back.**

To add up to 14 pounds in the next 14 days you need:

- 14-day supply of **Crash-Weight Formula #7**
- 14-day supply of Appetite-Stimulating tablets, and

FREE Weight-Gaining Course. A 48-page illustrated guide crammed with step-by-step instructions in weight-gaining basics. PLUS 3 copies of Mr. America magazine, worth $1.80...yours FREE!

7-day supply: $8.00 • **14-day supply: $14.98**

(Your choice of Chocolate or Vanilla flavor)

PRICED AT ONLY

$8.00

FOR A WEEK'S SUPPLY & COURSE

BODY LOOK FOR THE '70'S!

Your Good Looks—Your Health—Your Virility—are *Your* responsibility. So Start NOW to use one or more of these "Body Shapers For the 70's". Shake up your physical fitness program and Light Up the 70's!

4 Joe Weider Creates . . .

the STRONG ARM METHOD

with these New

"HELL BENT for LEATHER N' LEAD" BRACELETS—

They Turn Your Arm Power On!

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH TO WEAR THEM?

Snap on these electrifyingly New "HELL-BENT FOR LEATHER N' LEAD" Strong Arm Bracelets —and **instantly** your arms will start getting bigger and "oozing" 100% more power—almost without effort! Your body will take on the appearance of ferocious strength . . . striking fear and terror into anyone who would even think of attacking you!

NO EXERCISE — NO SWEAT — TO CREATE ARM POWER

There are no special exercises to do. You simply wear these unique weighted bracelets everywhere you go . . . at work or play, and even when relaxing! They instantly begin packing muscle on your arms as you perform the simplest arm movement; raising and lowering your hands, swinging them back and forth as you walk or run, play tennis, golf, etc. They build rugged, ferocious arm power for every sport . . . yes, including **Karate!**

SHE'LL LOVE THE LOOK OF YOUR ARM POWER!

Your manhood and virility will quickly COME ALIVE to women! They'll instantly sense your sex appeal and want to be in your arms.

THEY SPELL OUT 'POWER' — & ARE 'MOD'-STYLED

Expertly crafted from genuine leather and gold-toned lead weights—with the word P-O-W-E-R spelled out on each of them—these bracelets are the latest in mod fashions. They go well with all your clothes, turning them into vigorous-looking styles. You come alive with muscle and sex appeal—ALL AT THE SAME TIME!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Come on, Tiger—give these Strong Arm "HELL-BENT FOR LEATHER N' LEAD" bracelets a try for 10 days—entirely at our risk. If you don't turn on the Arm Power fast, you can return them for a full refund. Fair? START NOW TO BECOME MORE OF A MAN IN SECONDS!

ONLY **$7.95** for one

Or, Get 2 (1 for each wrist)

FOR ONLY **$14.95**

5 Another JOSEPH WEIDER Breakthrough!

Slim Down & Make Out with JOE WEIDER'S SLIM-GARD THE INSTANT SLIMMER

Just slip on Joe Weider's New "Science Weapon", **SLIM GARD** and instantly start trimming your waist and hips to a sexy-slim size — without dieting — without tedious exercise!

And when combined with the "Slimmer's Routine" **SLIM GARD** can really flatten your pot belly and "pulverize" unwanted fat away from all over your body! **Here's Proof:** In a controlled University test, students reported waist losses of up to 3¼ inches and overall fat losses of 17 pounds—**IN ONLY 2 WEEKS!** They called it a "small miracle" the way it worked so fast!

Yes, **SLIM GARD** has really revolutionized weight reducing. Men everywhere are regaining their youthful, virile appearance by wearing it under their clothes and letting it work for them as they sit, stand, walk, run, bend, eat, watch TV or relax. It turns the simplest body movement into a waist-trimming exercise **without effort.** It can work "miracles" on your waistline, too.

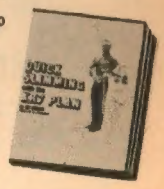
And remember, **SLIM GARD** is hidden — no one knows — nothing shows . . . **SLIM GARD's** secret is its gentle but firm "hugging action that keeps warm air in—cool air out, trimming inches effortlessly away!

SLIM GARD and the **"Slimmer's Routine"** work effectively for the fat or slender man. Simple instructions are included for the man who wants to quickly lose 20 to 40 pounds . . . and for the slender fellow who wants to lose only a few inches off his waist without losing weight.

And remember, SLIM GARD is hidden — no one knows — nothing shows . . . except the inches that go. You're guaranteed impressive results in 14 days or your money back!

FREE! THE SLIMMER'S ROUTINE

Savvy Slimming Tricks to Shape You Up and Trim You Down. Here's Part 3 to the Slimming Formula—the suprisingly effortless "Aerobic/Circuit" training routine used by athletes, coaches and models to get into shape fast. Within 14 days you'll be Firmer, Slimmer, More Energetic and Stronger—creating a New, Youthful, Sexier more Exciting You! **IT'S YOURS FREE—with SLIM GARD!**



THE SLIM GARD (Made to Last for Years) with The Slimmer's Routine **$11.95**

Comes in sizes: Medium & Large

USE THIS SHAPE UP... MUSCLE-UP COUPON!

JOE WEIDER
25 Maple Street
Norwood, N.J. 07648
Dept. 209-62P6

Dear Joe:

Thanks for letting me know about your "Shape-Up" . . . "Muscle-Up" courses and products. Please send me the items checked below, along with my FREE gifts. I understand all your products carry a full money-back guarantee . . . no "ifs" . . . "ands" . . . or "buts".

I enclose check or money order for: $.....

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

1 ☐ **"007" TWISTER,** Free course & 3 copies of Muscle Builder magazine ..... only **$9.98**

2 ☐ **KILLER KARATE KRUSHER** & Free "Killer Karate" course ..... only **$9.98**

3 **CRASH-WEIGHT FORMULA #7 PLAN** with Free course (check one):

☐ 7-Day Supply ..... only **$ 8.00**

☐ 14-Day Supply ..... only **$14.98**

Check flavor desired: ☐ Chocolate ☐ Vanilla

4 ☐ **"HELL BENT FOR LEATHER N' LEAD BRACELETS"**

One Bracelet only **$ 7.95**

Get Two For only **$14.95**

5 ☐ **SLIM DOWN & MAKE OUT KIT** with SLIM GARD and the Free "Slimmer's Routine" ..... only **$11.95**

Check waist size: ☐ Medium (30-38) ☐ Large (39-47)

Inside Wrestling

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BE TALLER!

NEW HEIGHT PRINCIPLE
Medically approved by doctors, hospitals and clinics throughout the US.

NEW METHOD OF HEIGHT INCREASE TAKES JUST 5 MINUTES A DAY!

AND DISCOVER.... NEW HEIGHT®

Now at last — straight from Europe — comes the wonderful news of a STARTLING DISCOVERY that thousands have been waiting for . . . SAFE - PERMANENT - NEW HEIGHT®. NEW HEIGHT® is a secret SCIENTIFIC BREAKTHROUGH that DARES TO GUARANTEE YOU EXTRA FULL INCHES OF PERMANENT HEIGHT INCREASE or every cent of your money instantly refunded.

YES, now it has become possible for you to transform your old physical image in the best possible way — UPWARDS! Fantastic you say? FANTASTIC IT IS, but nevertheless it's true and IT WORKS! Regardless of your present height, sex or age, with NEW HEIGHT® you can actually feel your body swelling with those extra GIANT INCHES of natural height —Virtually overnight—and all it takes is a few pleasant minutes a day (in the privacy of your own home). Yes, you really can grow taller!

become a NEW MAN

NEW HEIGHT® means a whole new outlook and new horizons to all — no matter who you are—man or woman—young or not-so-young, skinny, fat, short or very short . . . If you feel you would like to improve yourself with a few more quick inches of useful height — then the secret of NEW HEIGHT® is for you!

FANTASTIC SCIENTIFIC BREAKTHRU

HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

NO ELEVATORS, NO GADGETS OR GIMMICKS, JUST A PROVEN TECHNIQUE THAT WORKS!

There are NO GIMMICKS OR GADGETS, we do not trade in strenuous exercisors, appliances, elevators, or drugs . . . New Height® is based on a Swiss/English Scientific method that offers secret yet SOUND PRINCIPLES that are PROVEN and GUARANTEED to reactivate your whole body into exciting upward action . . . or your money back!

If you would like to go through life just that little bit taller. If you really want to change the way others look at you and the way you look at yourself then simply send in the free coupon to us and LEARN THE SECRET OF GROWTH. Post the no-risk coupon and within hours we will rush you Free our height secrets which can enable you to make exciting height gains that will thrill and amaze your friends.

why not you?

If you are tired of being called 'shorty', if you are fed-up with ignorant wise-cracks about your height — isn't it good to know that with New Height® you can actually BOOST your present height and STAND PROUD INCHES TALLER — virtually overnight.

ACT NOW — Take your first step to height gain — Send for your free NEW HEIGHT® "HOW TO BE TALLER" secrets — NOW!

WHAT OTHERS SAY ABOUT NEW HEIGHT®

Just read what this man had to say about our secret height increasing method:

"At 43 years of age I have gained 3" in height. My ambition is to keep going until I reach the six foot mark."

and 'G.E.' from New Yorks says . . . "Your NEW HEIGHT course is worth ten times your cost. My life has changed since I gained 4½"."

and here's what L/CPL Angel L. Toledo of the Marines had to say, "The results were amazing. I am very grateful for the way you have changed my life."

M.P. Gliwice, of Poland had this to say about his success:

"Thank you very much for your method of height increase. I am amazed, I spent only a few minutes each day and in 2 weeks I have gained 2 inches! It's fantastic.

YOUR SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN AGAINST YOUR PRESENT HEIGHT. . STARTS HERE!

DON'T DELAY! MAIL TODAY You have nothing to lose . . . but your shortness!

FREE SECRETS

Quickly BOOST your present height and stand IMPRESSIVE FULL INCHES TALLER — Achieve rapid height gain that's PERMANENT, SAFE and MEDICALLY APPROVED! Simply fill in the coupon and we will rush you your free 'HOW TO BE TALLER' New Height® secrets. Enclose only 25¢ for handling — Don't delay; supply is limited.

height gain · guaranteed!

(No salesman will call.)

YES SIR!

HEIGHT INCREASE BUREAU DEPT. 11818
P.O. BOX 146, BRAMPTON, ONT., CANADA

Rush me under plain wrapper the secrets of increasing my height! I enclose 25¢ to cover handling cost for free NEW HEIGHT plan "HOW TO BE TALLER". I am under no obligation — Nothing to Buy!

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

TEAR OFF HERE

DETACH ALONG DOTTED LINE.

OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

WORLD WIDE WRESTLING FEDERATION

1–PEDRO MORALES
2–BRUNO SAMMARTINO
3–ERNIE LADD
4–THE GREAT PAMPERO
5–KING CURTIS
6–CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW
7–VICTOR RIVERA
8–SONNY "SHOWBOAT" KING
9–GORILLA MONSOON
10–RENE GOULET

AMERICAN WRESTLING ALLIANCE

1–VERNE GAGNE
2–BILLY ROBINSON
3–IVAN KOLOFF
4–SAILOR ART THOMAS
5–THE BRUISER
6–WILBUR SNYDER
7–BARON VON RASCHKE
8–RED BASTIEN
9–NICK BOCKWINKLE
10–THE CRUSHER

MIDGETS

1–LITTLE BEAVER
2–SKY LOW LOW
3–LORD LITTLEBROOK
4–FRENCHY LAMONT
5–FARMER JEROME
6–LITTLE BRUTUS
7–JOEY RUSSELL
8–MIGHTY ATOM
9–SONNY BOY HAYES
10–LITTLE BRUISER

NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

1–DORY FUNK JR.
2–JACK BRISCO
3–BOBO BRAZIL
4–THE SHEIK
5–MIL MASCARAS
6–JOHN TOLOS
7–KILLER KOWALSKI
8–TIM WOODS
9–JOHNNY VALENTINE
10–DOMENIC DENUCCI

TAG TEAMS

1–THE STOMPER & BEN JUSTICE
2–THE KANGAROOS
3–BLACKJACK LANZA & BLACKJACK MULLIGAN
4–BARON SICLUNA & KING CURTIS
5–RAY STEVENS & NICK BOCKWINKLE
6–THE INFERNOS
7–BRUTE BERNARD & THE MISSOURI MAULER
8–THE CRUSHER & RED BASTIEN
9–DORY DIXON & EARL MAYNARD
10–MAD DOG AND BUTCHER VACHON

WOMEN

1–FABULOUS MOOLAH
2–VIVIAN VACHON
3–VICKI WILLIAMS
4–ANN CASEY
5–BETTY NICCOLI
6–TONI ROSE
7–MARIE LAVERNE
8–BARBARA NICHOLS
9–DONNA CHRISTENELLO
10–SANDY PARKER

KILLER KOWALSKI

VICKIE WILLIAMS

VERNE GAGNE

THE GREAT PAMPERO

I'll Make You a Master of CHINESE KUNG-FU

. . . the Oriental ART of INSTANTANEOUS DEATH that is applied with NO Bodily Contact

the Chinese method of Attack and Self-Defense kept so secret that it has been handed down in China only from father to son because of its DEADLY power to disable or kill! Now these devastatingly brilliant secrets that require NO PHYSICAL STRENGTH OR EXERTION are revealed to you in the English language by a KUNG-FU Master who dares to teach you AT HIS RISK!

WHO *IS* THIS MAN?

Behind the blindfold is the Hon. Master "Kung-Fu." That's not his real name, of course. If you were a Kung-Fu expert, you'd recognize his real name at once, if we were to reveal it. But we cannot, for his Chinese fellow Kung-Fu Masters would punish him severely for revealing the deadly maneuvers he has sworn to keep secret.

What IS Kung-FU?

KUNG-FU is the most DEADLY form of defense and attack ever devised! Even a Karate, Savate or Judo expert shudders at the thought of meeting a KUNG-FU master because he knows who the winner will be! With just a basic knowledge of KUNG-FU learned easily in the privacy of your home, this FAST, EASY, PICTURE WAY, you can beat hoodlums, OUTFIGHT TWO, THREE and even FOUR Karate or Judo experts, Professional Wrestlers or Boxers!

When CHINESE KUNG-FU arrives in your mail, you turn to page 87 and look at the easy-to-understand photo illustrations. INSTANTLY you see how easily you can turn your opponents attack into a CRIPPLING blow to his chest—a maneuver you can perform in just a few minutes of practice! A few pages later I show you how to escape a deadly strangle-hold quickly and easily by slamming your attacker into the ground!

Protect Yourself and Your Loved Ones!

Containing more than 150 step-by-step LIVE-ACTION and SLOW MOTION PHOTOS your personal KUNG-FU Master Instructor takes you by your hand and shows you in plain, clear and simple, easy to understand language how to use highly secret KUNG-FU to multiply your power a THOUSANDFOLD. You learn how to handle a small mob of attackers who are fully armed and even pinning you to the ground so you can't move. You pay nothing if you can't disarm one hoodlum . . . send another flying through the air and slam a third into the ground—all in a split second of KUNG FU maneuver that will take your attackers by surprise!

Never Be Afraid Again!

Secretly written in the Orient the contents of this amazing "how-to" picture book was shipped to Hawaii, where it was printed under cover away from prying eyes, then sent to the U. S. for limited distribution to those who agree to apply KUNG-FU ONLY FOR SELF-DEFENSE! If you were fortunate enough to be able to go to China, Hong Kong or Hawaii to take this amazing course—and were willing to pay $500 or even $1,000 to your KUNG-FU Master—you would be refused, because KUNG-FU secrets are NEVER taught to strangers or outsiders! Because KUNG-FU is deadly beyond imagination (and since *attack* as well as *defense* is taught) only a small limited edition has been printed. Frankly we don't want just everybody to learn these secret maneuvers.

KUNG-FU will NOT be sold in any store, and is available ONLY by mail to serious students who must vow NEVER to use it as an aggresor—but only as self-defense to protect himself, his friends and family. We don't ever want a criminal or hoodlum to be able to buy it because of its deadly power.

Law Enforcement Agencies: Write for quantity discounts on official letterhead.

Become a NEW MAN!

Our streets aren't safe today. Crime increases daily. You no longer have to be helpless, ashamed or humiliated—and look pitiful in the eyes of your friends. Protect yourself, your family, your girl friend from hoodlums and wisecracking bullies. With KUNG-FU you can use the hidden power that lies within you to master every situation! You'll laugh as you send bullies and criminals flying in terror, and you'll walk the streets happy, calm and confident in your new power! And you'll do all this without working up a sweat or even spoiling the crease in your trousers. That's because brilliantly executed KUNG-FU requires NO bodily contact . . . virtually NO physical exertion . . . and almost NO application of your body or hands! And yet KUNG-FU can be *deadly, crippling* and *disastrous* to any unfortunate opponent who is foolish enough to threaten you with ANY other technique, such as punching, Savate, Judo, Wrestling, etc! Yes, with the confidence that KUNG-FU can give you, you can walk the streets with the knowledge that NOTHING can frighten you . . . that you can deal with ANY man, ANY weapon, ANY situation! Your friends and loved ones will be proud of you with your new power.

Nothing Else To Buy!

KUNG-FU is complete—there is NOTHING else to buy—ever! You don't have to practice on dummies and you need no apparatus. Once you receive CHINESE KUNG-FU you can throw away all the other courses on Self-Defense you have ever bought—because NONE compares with KUNG-FU! KUNG-FU is effective whether you're standing, sitting or even LYING DOWN ASLEEP and OFF GUARD!

It was originally decided to offer the complete KUNG-FU instruction at $10.00—a TREMENDOUS bargain at that price. However, to make it available to good citizens who want to use these secret maneuvers for self-defense and to help combat the ever-increasing crime rate, we are making KUNG-FU available now at *the amazingly low price of just* $3.98. If you and your friends don't say that KUNG-FU has made a NEW MAN out of you, every cent you have paid will be refunded without question! Don't even bother returning the KUNG-FU book. Just tear off the front cover and mail back to us for a full, no questions asked refund. We'll take your word for it. MAIL COUPON NOW! AIR MAIL reaches us overnight.

MAIL DARING MONEY-SAVING NO-RISK FREE-TRIAL COUPON NOW

RESERVATION CERTIFICATE NUMBER **7063**

You are guaranteed to have one of these limited edition books reserved for you for 30 days. Because of the highly volatile nature of KUNG-FU, it may never be printed again. Avoid disappointment and mail your order in now to assure receipt. Be sure to enclose this RESERVATION CERTIFICATE.

FIGHTING ARTS RESEARCH, Inc. Dept. 26429
1199 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001

☐ OK, Honorable Master Kung-Fu! I accept your daring No-Risk free-trial offer to reveal the secrets of KUNG-FU! Ship in plain wrapper at once. I enclose $3.98 as payment in full. I understand that there is nothing else to buy ever again. My friends and I must be delighted with my new KUNG-FU power and self-confidence—or my money will be refunded promptly in full—I just return the front cover of the book.

☐ I agree never to use KUNG-FU as an aggressor—only to defend myself, and that I will never abuse the principles of KUNG-FU, nor will I ever reveal the secrets of KUNG-FU to anyone else.

(My Signature)

NAME _____ Age ____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ Check here if you also wish included a copy of "Forbidden Oriental Fighting Arts - Deadly Attack and Defense" - for Commandos, Jungle Fighters, etc. Not sold separately. Both only $9.98 HUNDREDS OF PHOTOGRAPHS

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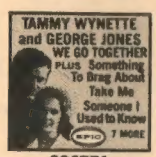

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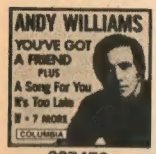

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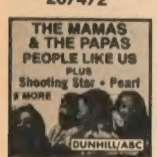

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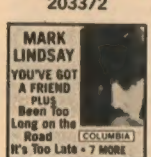

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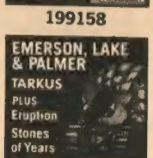

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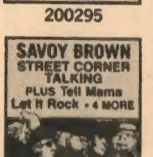

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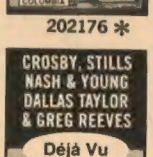

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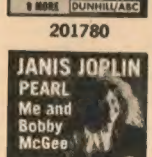

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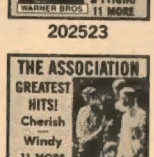

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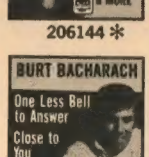

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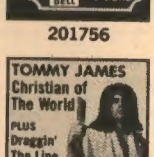

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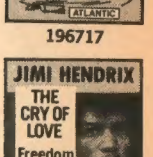

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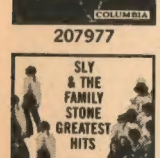

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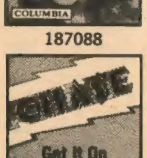

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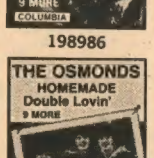

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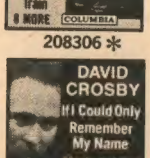

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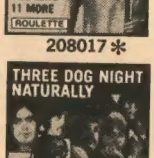

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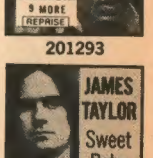

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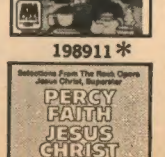

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* Selections marked with a star are not available in reel tapes

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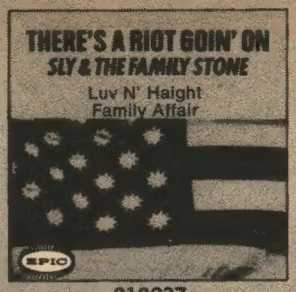

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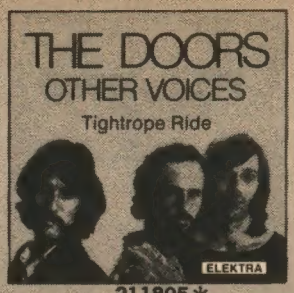

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OR Any 8 tapes-$2.86

if you join the Columbia Tape Club and agree to buy seven tapes (at regular Club prices) in the next two years

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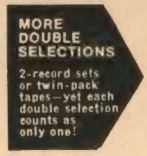

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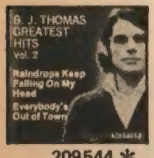

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Just look at this great selection of recorded entertainment — available on 12" Records *OR* 8-Track Cartridges *OR* Tape Cassettes *OR* 7" Reel Tapes! So no matter which type of stereo playback equipment you now have — you can take advantage of one of these introductory offers from Columbia House!

If you prefer your music on 12" Stereo Records join the Columbia Record Club now and you may have ANY 14 of these selections for only $2.86. Just indicate the 14 records you want on the application and mail it today, together with your check or money order. In exchange, you agree to buy ten records (at the regular Club prices) during the coming two years . . . and you may cancel membership any time after doing so.

OR — If you prefer your music on Stereo Tapes join the Columbia Tape Club now and take ANY 8 of these selections for only $2.86. Just write in the numbers of your 8 selections on the application — then mail it together with check or money order. (Also indicate whether you want cartridges *or* cassettes *or* reel tapes.) In exchange, you agree to buy seven selections (at regular Club prices) during the coming two years . . . and you may cancel membership any time after doing so.

Your own charge account will be opened upon enrollment . . . and the selections you order as a member will be mailed and billed at the regular Club prices: records, $4.98 or $5.98; cartridges and cassettes, $6.98; reel tapes, $7.98 . . . plus a processing and postage charge. (Occasional special selections may be somewhat higher.)

You may accept or reject selections as follows: whichever Club you join, every four weeks you will receive a new copy of your Club's music magazine, which describes the regular selection for each musical interest . . . plus hundreds of alternate selections from every field of music.

. . . **If you do not want any selection** in any month, just return the response card always provided by the date specified

. . . **If you want only the regular selection** for your musical interest, you need do nothing—it will be shipped automatically

. . . **If you want any of the other selections offered,** order them on the response card and return it by the date specified

. . . **and from time to time** we will offer some special selections, which you may reject by returning the dated response form provided . . . or accept by simply doing nothing.

You'll be eligible for your Club's bonus plan upon completing your enrollment agreement — a plan which enables you to save at least 33% on all your future purchases. Act now!

Columbia House
Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

B65/S72

COLUMBIA HOUSE, Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

I am enclosing check or money order for $2.86, as payment for the 14 records indicated below. Please accept my membership application for the **Columbia Record Club.** I agree to buy ten records (at regular Club prices) in the coming two years — and may cancel membership at any time after doing so.

RECORDS

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one box only) (BS-Z) E81

☐ Easy Listening ☐ Young Sounds ☐ Classical
☐ Broadway & Hollywood ☐ Country ☐ Jazz

OR TAPES

I am enclosing my check or money order for $2.86, as payment for the 8 tapes indicated below. Please accept my membership application for the **Columbia Tape Club.** I agree to buy seven tapes (at regular Club prices) in the next two years — and may cancel membership any time after doing so.

SEND ME THE FOLLOWING TYPES OF TAPES (check one box only) E81

☐ Cartridges (PN-W) ☐ Cassettes (PP-X) ☐ Reel Tapes (MH-Y)

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one box only)

☐ Easy Listening ☐ Young Sounds ☐ Country

Whichever Club I've joined, all selections will be described in advance in the Club magazine, sent every four weeks. If I do *not* wish any selection, I'll return the card provided by the date specified, or use the card to order any selection I do want. If I want *only* the regular selection for my musical interest, I need do nothing — it will be shipped automatically. Occasionally, I'll be offered special selections which I may accept or reject by using the dated form provided.

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss.....
(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address.....

City.....State & Zip.....

Do You Have A Telephone? (check one) ☐ YES..... ☐ NO

APO, FPO addressees: write for special offer

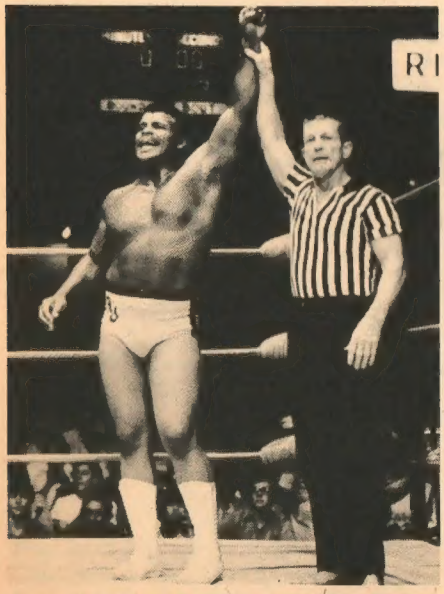
REPORTS FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

CALIFORNIA CHAOS
By Larry Barnhizer and Thomas Brophy

NO RULES AND absolutely no stopping the match even if the wrestlers are bleeding to death!" These were the terms set down by Sacramento promoters for the two out of three fall showdown between bitter rivals Pat Patterson and Peter Maivia.

"Maivia caused me many nights of pain and aggravation," Patterson charged on a TV interview prior to the match. "A few months ago I wrestled Maivia and he repeatedly used that illegal head butt until he cracked my head wide open. I was sent to the hospital drenched in my own blood and had to get 20 stitches to close the gash. The pain lasted for weeks. I vow that tonight I will end Maivia's career and cause him to suffer in pain for the rest of his life—that's if I don't kill him first!"

The match was underway. You could feel the tension in the air as Patterson and Maivia locked and made contact. After several minutes of kicking and punching on both sides, Maivia began using his head—his head butt, that is! Patterson couldn't take it. He hit the mat with such a thud you could hear it in San Francisco!



Rocky Johnson ran into the ring when his good friend, Peter Maivia, was almost killed by Pat Patterson.

Peter Maivia was carried from the ring on a stretcher after a wild match against Pat Patterson. A number of wrestlers had to save Patterson from an enraged Rocky Johnson who ran in to help Maivia.

Then Peter picked Patterson up in a body slam position, dumped him over backwards and went with him—locking Patterson in the deadly "Samoan Suplex." Patterson submitted. But he didn't lose the match yet. He had a chance to even things up in the next fall. And that's just what he did.

Although dazed, Patterson was able to get Maivia down with a vicious series of eye gouges that almost blinded Peter. With Peter down, Patterson kicked his head, bit his forehead and knee-dropped him by climbing to the top rope and rocketing down on the popular Hawaiian. Then he lifted Maivia up and locked him in a crippling back-breaker. Peter was losing consciousness! Patterson let Maivia drop to the mat and the whole ring must've moved 10 feet! What a thud! Then Pat draped himself over Peter's limp body and pinned him. So things were evened.

At the beginning of the third fall, Peter was still lying dazed in the middle of the ring. But Pat wanted him in that position. He charged out of his corner and unleashed a furious attack on the Hawaiian—biting, kicking and gouging. It looked like he was on the verge of killing Maivia! All of a sudden, storming out of the dressing room entrance and flying into the ring, came Rocky "Soul Man" Johnson—Peter's best friend. A tremendous battle broke out between Johnson and Patterson when Rocky tried to save Maivia from a further onslaught at the hands of Patterson. Rocky grabbed Patterson by his flowing blond hair and slammed his head into the steel ringpost five times—splitting Pat's head open! Man, was Patterson bloody! Several wrestlers came storming out of the dressing room to try and stop Rocky from killing Patterson. They dragged Patterson from the ring, forced Rocky out, and carried Maivia out on a stretcher.

"I couldn't stand it," Rocky said after he regained his cool in the dressing room. "He didn't give Peter a chance to get his breath back. Patterson was going to kill him!"

Patterson wound up in the hospital again—but this time it was Johnson who put him there.

"I'll wipe the mat with both of them," Patterson threatened from the hospital. "Let me wrestle 'em both at the same time!"

Later that same evening, Rocky was able to let all his frustrations out as along with Pepper Gomez he upset the hated duo of Ripper Collins and Paul DeMarco.

The Sheik ventured to Los Angeles recently in search of John Tolos' America's title.

"Tolos copped out on all his friends

(Continued on page 56)

An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — these are **Nature's Red Flags** warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubifacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

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21 WEST 44 ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L. H. M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out." —D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D. W. G., c/o FPO., N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. Lee, Piqua, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C. E. H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss C.T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—R. H., Corona, Cal

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"
—Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

COMATE CORPORATION Dept. 26430
21 West 44th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

Please send at once the complete COMATE hair and scalp treatment (60 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results, or you GUARANTEE prompt and full refund on return of unused portion.

☐ Enclosed find $10 (check, cash, money order). Send postpaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. Enclosed is $1 deposit. I will pay postman $9 plus about $1.50 in postal charges on delivery. Save the $1.50 by enclosing $10. Canada, Foreign, APO, FPO, add $1 -- No C.O.D.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

FAN CLUB CORNER

WE'D LIKE TO thank the Jerry Jarrett fan club for making us honorary members. The club's president, Linda Lee Scott, reports "the club's membership is growing larger by the day and we're always looking for new members." Members of this fine club receive an 8 x 10 photo of Jerry, a pictured membership card and a club pin. The club also sends out well-written monthly bulletins. If you're a Jerry Jarret fan be sure to join this club! For more information write to Linda at Star Route, Riverview Drive, Shepherdsville, Kentucky 40165.

General Homer O'Dell has given Lenny Green permission to start a fan club for his wrestlers—Brute Bernard and The Missouri Mauler. Lenny says members are sent quarterly bulletins, an 8 x 10 photo and a membership card. To join this newly-formed club, write to Lenny at 110 Charles Street, Havelock, North Carolina, 28532.

It's love—Robert Love—that is. Robert has started a club called "The Memphis Wrestling Scene." His bulletins contain full coverage of Memphis, Tennessee, grappling and they're chock full of pictures. For full details write to Robert at 3606 Oakley, Memphis, Tennessee 39111.

We just received a permission slip for Linda Thacker making her the president of the Jackie Fargo fan club. Upon joining this club you'll receive an 8 x 10 photo of Jackie, a membership card, a button that reads "I'm On Jackie's Team," and a monthly bulletin called "The Fargo Fantasy." Sounds great doesn't it? The club's address is 1382 South 6th Street, Louisville, Kentucky, 40208. Come on and join in the fun!

Alan Adler, president of the Manny Soto fan club, wants to let you know the club is still accepting new members. The club's bulletins and material are always sent out on time—as promised! This is a club that others can pattern themselves after. For full information drop Alan a line at

Don Muraco is a popular mat star with a terrific fan club!

26 Wildhedge Lane, Holmdel, New Jersey 07733.

You Don Muraco fans won't want to miss out on all the action happening at the Don Muraco fan club. Members receive monthly bulletins and they're full of biographical material about Don and also have many pictures of him. The club's president is Mike Brownlow and he can be reached at 28A Lzona Drive, Denver, Colorado 80221. Be sure to send a self-addressed stamped envelope!

Two of the greatest wrestlers in the world—who just happen to be brothers—are being honored by Wayne Lebo. We're speaking of Jack and Jerry Brisco. To club members they're known as "The Oklahoma Cyclones," which also happens to be the name of the club's official bulletin. To join this continually growing and very well run club write to Wayne at 1825 Daytonia Road, Miami Beach, Florida 33141.

"The Flying Marlin News" is the bulletin of the Eddie Marlin fan club. The news tells you where Ed is and also contains the results of his matches. The club also sends out photos and other surprises. Want to join? Write to The Eddie Marlin Fan Club, 5517 Rustic Way, Louisville, Kentucky 40218.

Rosie Macumber sends word that the International Edouard Carpentier Fan Club probably has more members now than any other active club. And we can see why, Rosie. The club is run with a professional attitude and its material is always up to date, informative and arrives on time. To join this top club write c/o 221 Jasper Drive, Security, Colorado 80911.

Sue Vorhis continues in her spot as president of the Australians fan club. The Australians, one of the most popular teams in Florida, are giving Sue full support with the club. For further information we suggest you contact Sue at 5610 S.W. 38th Street, Davie, Florida 33314.

Here's a partial list of some fan clubs we think you'll want to join!

The Vivian Vachon Fan Club
896 Jubilee Avenue
Winnipeg, 13, Manitoba, Canada

Texas Wrestling Results
c/o Ken Bruce
1045 Doddridge
Corpus Christie, Texas 78411

The Ron Fuller Fan Club
102 West 7th Street—Apt. #4
Hialeah, Florida, 33010

The Louie Tillet Fan Club
Box 152
Miami Shores, Florida 33153

The A.W.A. Fan Club
1003 South 16th Street—Apt. 11
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53204

Wrestling Report Fan Club
8952 Mills Avenue
Whittier, California 90605

The Pat Barrett Fan Club
219 Oak Street
Soloda, California 93960

Cedar Rapids Wrestling News
1811 5th Avenue
S.W. Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52403

Little Beaver Fan Club
Box 277
Beverly, Massachusetts 01915

That's about it for now. We'll list some more clubs in the next FAN CLUB CORNER. See you next month! □

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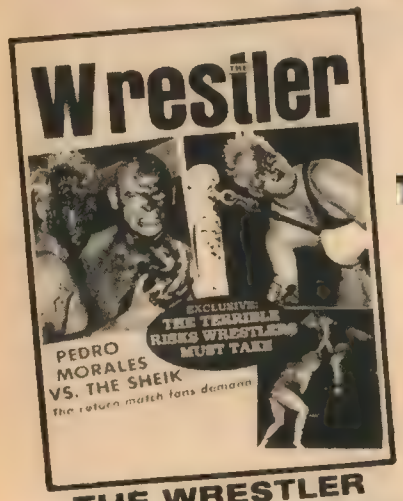

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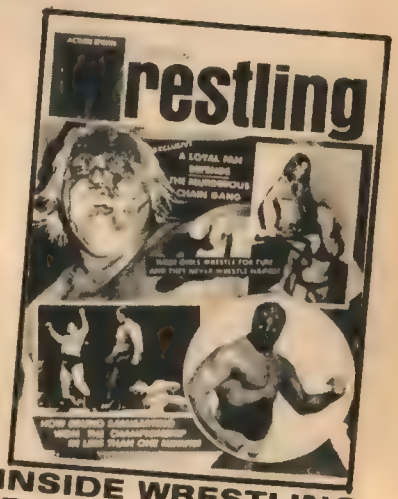

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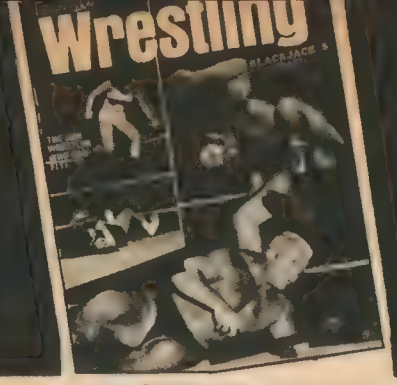

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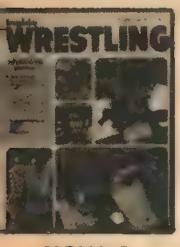
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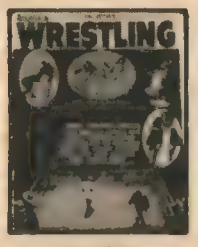
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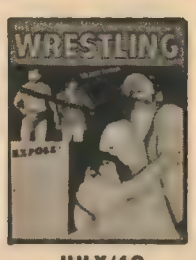
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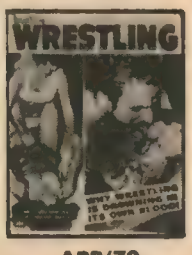
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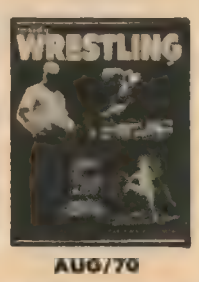
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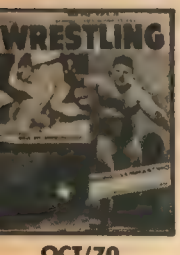
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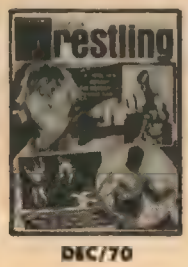
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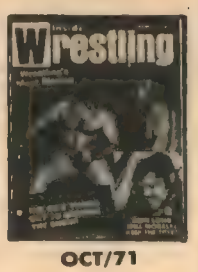
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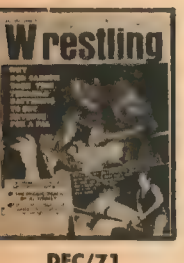
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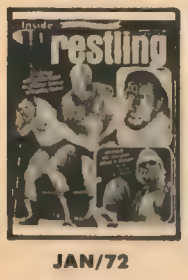
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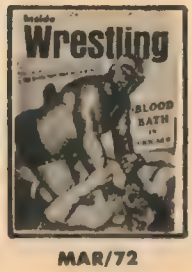
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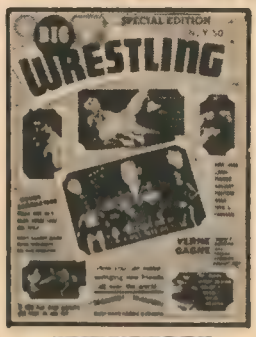
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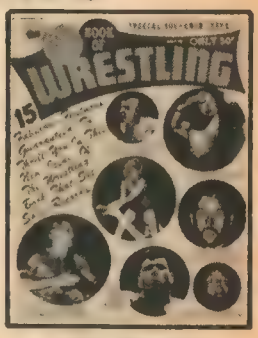
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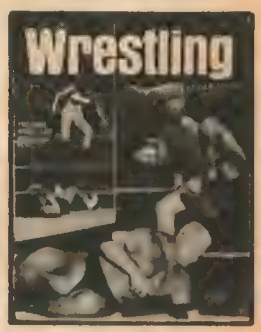
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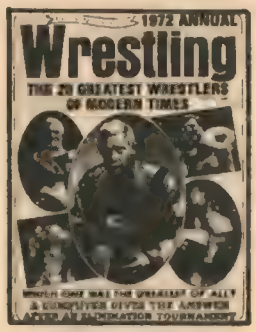
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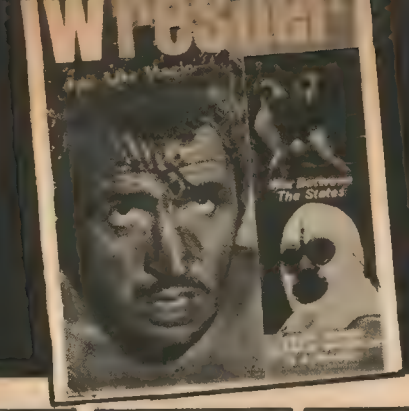

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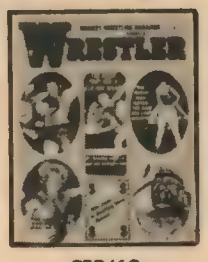
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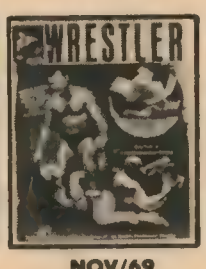
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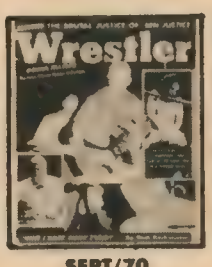
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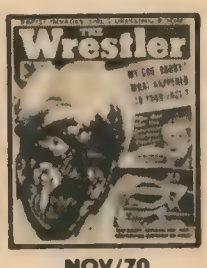
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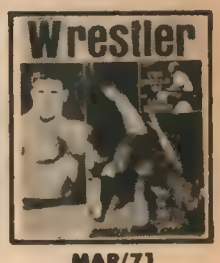
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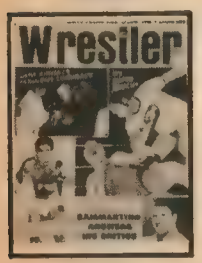
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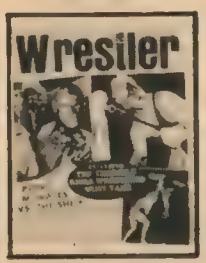
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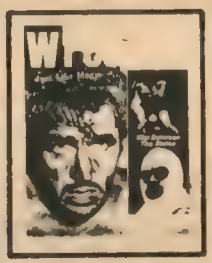
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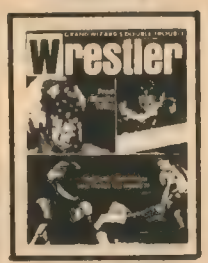
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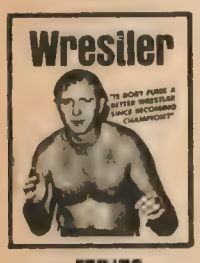
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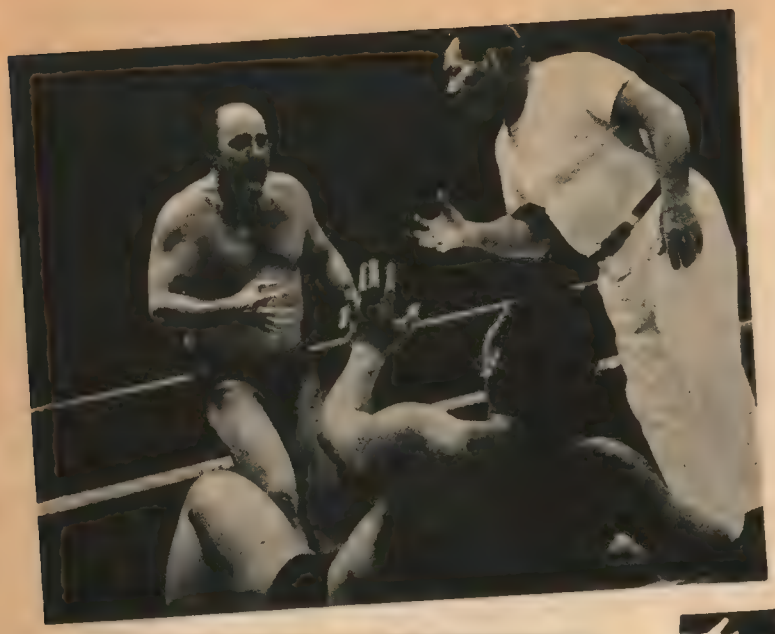
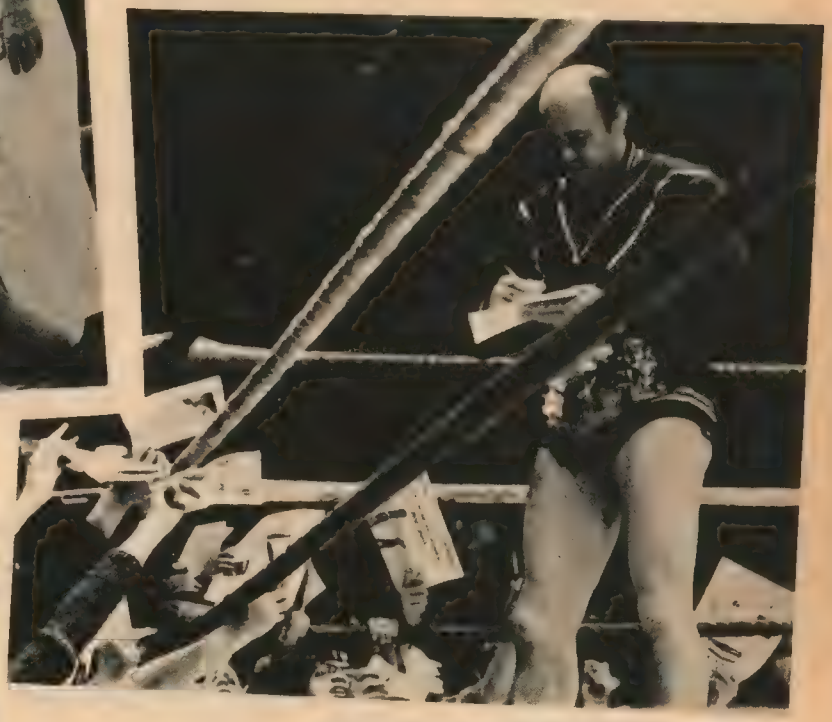
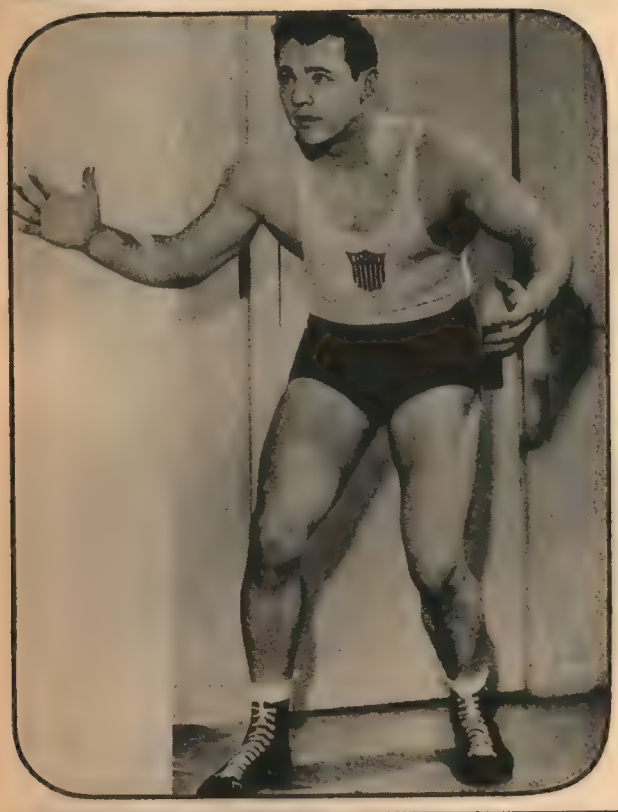
VERNE GAGNE

AN AMERICAN



The Great Kusatsu begs Verne not to belt him after he got Gagne mad. The A.W.A. champion may have lost some hair, but he certainly has not lost any of his truly amazing ability.





Wearing his American Wrestling Association Championship belt, Verne (above) obliges fans with autographs. Left: Verne has the look of a champion in this portrait taken while he was on the U.S. Olympic team.

He's not as young as Dory Funk Jr. and he's not as fast as Pedro Morales. Those men are merely champions. Verne Gagne is something else again!

INSTITUTION

By Bob Ruiz

CHAMPIONS COME AND champions go. But Verne Gagne is always there, right on top. One of the three recognized world heavyweight champions (Dory Funk Jr. and Pedro Morales are the other two), Verne is becoming as much of an American institution to wrestling as John Wayne is to the movies. For two decades he has thrilled wrestling fans with his dynamic style and pleasing personality. And although he has won every conceivable honor his chosen profession has to offer—Verne still shows no signs of slowing down. He is a legend within his own lifetime.

As an amateur, he won virtually every wrestling title of any importance. At the University of Minnesota he won the Big 10 title four consecutive years. During a stint in the Marines, Verne won honors in football as well as in wrestling and upon his discharge from the service

Gagne's right hand is frozen in a grotesque shape (left) as he falls victim to Kusatsu's nerve-paralyzing necklock. But Verne gets out of trouble and comes up with a hammerlock (below).

Verne comes rocketing off the ropes and zeroes in on Don Leo Jonathan in a memorable match in 1964. Verne has long held that Jonathan gave him as much trouble as any opponent ever.

he was awarded a pro football contract but turned it down. He wanted to finish college first. When he returned to the university he won the N.C.A.A. title twice and represented the United States in the 1948 Olympic Games.

But while Gagne was making a name for himself in wrestling, he was building an equally impressive record in football. He played pro ball with the Green Bay Packers, but he soon tired of it and returned to his first love—wrestling.

Verne had his first professional bout in Minneapolis and it wasn't too much later that he won the junior heavyweight title in Tulsa, Oklahoma. One year after that Verne was the U.S. Heavyweight Champion. And after working his way up the ladder, seven years later he became the World Heavyweight Champion!

How did Gagne's claim to the title eventually become contested? Here is the story of why today there are so many champions.

In the '50's, Lou Thesz was regarded as the world heavyweight champion by every recognized wrestling organization. In Chicago in 1957, Edouard Carpentier defeated Thesz. One year later, Gagne dethroned Carpentier for the belt. However, while all this was going on, Thesz had lodged a protest with the N.W.A. claiming Carpentier did not really defeat him. The N.W.A. upheld Thesz's claim on a technicality, but by that time Gagne was already reigning as the world champion. A great schism developed as some organizations respected Gagne's claim to the title while others considered Thesz's claim to be the valid one. As a result, the American Wrestling Association (A.W.A.) was born and it upheld Gagne's title. The championship was thus split between two men.

Thesz was eventually defeated by Pat O'Connor who was beaten by Buddy Rogers. When Rogers held the title, he was defeated by Bruno Sammartino, but again a protest was launched and again it was upheld on a technicality. Just as had happened with Gagne, there was a split between organizations and the World Wide Wrestling Federation recognized Sammartino while the N.W.A. still recognized Rogers. Sammartino held onto his version of the championship for eight years, finally losing it to Ivan Koloff, who lost it, in turn, to Pedro Morales. Rogers' part of the title eventually wound up in the hands of Dory Funk Jr., who won it from Gene Kiniski. During that time, Gagne retained *his* version of the title. So because of the protests and technicalities involved, there evolved three different legitimate claims to the heavyweight title—the A.W.A. claim, the W.W.W.F. claim and the N.W.A. claim. And Gagne, by far, has retained his version of the crown longer than any of the other champions.

How good is Verne Gagne? One of the most respected men in wrestling, Nebraska promoter Joe Dusek, himself one of the outstanding grapplers of all time, had this to say about Gagne:

"When they write the book on the great wrestlers of all time, Verne Gagne's name will be somewhere near the very top of the list. And I've seen or wrestled all the great ones going back to 1931!"

What has made Gagne's name so widely respected? What has allowed him to retain his A.W.A. title for so long? It can be answered in one word—dedication. Gagne has devoted his entire life to the sport. And even though he'd be considered one

(Continued on page 62)

"HEY MA!—MY TEACHER IS A WRESTLER!"

Mary Pringle has successfully combined two separate careers.

Mary (below) sits at one of her student's desks as she watches her class at play. Right: She changes from her teaching togs to her ring togs the same night. Mary almost lost her job when her mat career was discovered.

HEY MA GUESS WHAT? Ya know my school teacher, Miss Pringle? She's a wrestler! Yeah. A wrestler. Can you imagine that?"

That dialogue has been repeated quite a bit in the Midwest. And almost invariably it has been followed by a visit from an unbelieving parent. Because the children are telling the truth . . . at least the ones in Mary Pringle's class are.

Mary is a teacher. But the 22-year-old blonde is also a wrestler. And few parents who visit can imagine how a frail, school teacher-type like Mary can also be involved in such a slam-bang sport like wrestling.

"At first," Mary said, "most parents are a little frightened when they find out, since I teach very young children, three, four and five-year-olds. They want to make sure the teacher isn't some rough tough monster who's teaching their children how to fight. When they meet me, some of them refuse to believe I'm a wrestler even when I tell them. They have a certain mental picture of what women wrestlers are supposed to lock like and they're puzzled because I don't fit that picture.

"Others are so fascinated with the idea they've come down to watch me wrestle. Some of them have turned into real wrestling fans now. It's like that cute commercial where the guy says, 'Try it—you'll like it.' They try it for the first time—and they like it."

The thing that puzzles parents most about Mary is how she can be so patient and gentle with the young children she handles and

Mary Pringle is successfully combining two careers—teaching and wrestling. And sometimes the combination results in some offbeat incidents!

Remember the little red wagon of childhood days? Mary does. Many people can't understand how Mary can commute between the fragile world of teaching three-year-olds and the violent world of wrestling.

Mary grabs Lynn Cory by the hair preparing to hurl her through the ropes and out of the ring. She did—much to the delight of the parents of her students—who now go to the matches when Mary's on the card. When Mary's job was endangered because of her wrestling career, the parents protested that she was too good a teacher to lose.

then do a complete turnaround and sometimes become ruthless in the ring. It's a question that has always puzzled wrestling fans when they'd meet a wrestler outside the ring. The late Skull Murphy, one of the meanest villains who ever climbed through the ropes, was also one of the kindest and mild-mannered individuals in the world outside the ring. People do not understand how a person's basic personality can change once he or she steps through those ropes. And when the person in question is teaching their children—that's when they really start wondering!

"The kids, of course, think it's great that their teacher is a wrestler," laughed Mary. "They're too young to have seen me wrestle, but they've seen wrestling on TV so they know what I do. The boys think it's strange that a woman teacher can be a wrestler and they're not too sure they like the idea. But the little girls think it's great and about half of them say they're going to be wrestlers too."

Mary's wrestling has caused a few minor problems. One time, a principal called her into his office when he'd found out about her other occupation.

"Is it true you're a wrestler?" he asked Mary.

"Yes, I am," she answered. "Why?"

He then went into a long, involved explanation about why it was bad for the children and why it was bad for the school for it to be known that a member of the faculty was a wrestler. "It gives us a bad image," he said.

Mary almost exploded right there. But there was nothing she could do. He said she should either give up her job or her sport. Her problem was solved, however, by the parents themselves. When they found out Mary might be fired—they marched into the principal's office and demanded she be retained or they'd pull their children out

Hair-pulling is rarely a one-way occurrence when the gals get together as Mary painfully finds out (left). Lynn Cory pulls her into a headlock (above), keeping her there by the hair.

The referee asks Lynn Cory if she's ready to call it quits as Mary has her decked and writhing in pain with a head scissors. Lynn didn't give up and she got out of danger by draping her foot over the bottom rope. "I don't mind," Mary said. "I often do that myself when I'm in bad trouble."

of the school. "She's a damned good teacher," they said. "Too good to lose. And besides—what's wrong with being a wrestler?"

Well that stumped the principal. He couldn't come up with an answer. And Mary's favorite sport was never a problem after that!

"That's something that really burns me up," Mary added after telling us the story. "If there's one thing I can't stand it's a person who'll knock something he knows nothing about. A principal is supposed to be an intelligent person. But he never even bothered to investigate what he was talking about. All he said was 'wrestling—that's bad.' He didn't know why. He just thought it was bad. Now he rarely misses a match. Too many people are too quick to condemn things they know nothing about."

Her careers have also resulted in a number of humerous incidents, one in particular which Mary enjoys telling about.

"A parent came in one day," she began, "and I naturally assumed she wanted to know how her child was doing. We sat down and I spoke to her about her son for 20 minutes.

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BRUNO SAMMARTINO'S STARTLING REVELATION:

"LOSING

A smiling Bruno Sammartino tells reporters that he's much more relaxed now that he's no longer the world champ.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP WAS THE GREATEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO ME!"

"Losing the title opened a whole new world for me—a world I didn't even know was there, although it was under my nose the whole time. I'm glad I don't have the title any more!"

Bruno shares a joke with his good friend Pedro Morales. "I'm glad the tension is now on him," he said.

THE BRUNO SAMMARTINO you knew a year ago is hardly the same Bruno Sammartino you'd know today. And the change in Bruno provides what might be the answer to wrestling's most asked question—when is Bruno going to wrestle Pedro Morales for the title? The answer is probably not for a long while, perhaps even never. And Bruno's new attitude explains why.

"I'm really a different person now," he said in a Madison Square Garden dressing room, the first time he'd been back to the Garden since February of 1971—a month after he'd lost his World Wide Wrestling Federation title to Ivan Koloff.

"I remember that night very well," Sammartino added. "I was stunned when I lost the belt. I didn't like it one bit. You might even say I began to think of it as *my* belt. After all, I had worn it for eight years. Then, suddenly, what had been my way of life for eight years had stopped. I was an ex-champion. I felt as low as I could.

"But as much as that belt meant to me I realize now that losing the title was the greatest thing that ever happened to me. In fact I'm glad I don't have the title any more. Losing it opened a whole new world to me—a world I didn't even know was there, although it was right under my nose all the time. You see, once that belt came off my waist, I discovered I had leisure time. I had no more commitments. I could go where I wanted and do what I wanted. I became a free man. And I knew exactly what I wanted to do with my new found freedom—spend it with my wife and wonderful family! Do you realize I practically ignored them for eight years?

"Can you imagine it? I was on the go—wrestling and traveling—six days a week. On my day off, Sunday, I did a radio show. Sometimes I was so far away from home I didn't even

For eight years Bruno's life was tied up with defending this beautiful belt (above)—the W.W.W.F. championship belt. Right: Bruno lies stunned on the mat as Ivan Koloff lands with the knee drop that was the shot heard round the wrestling world. It changed Bruno's life.

get a chance to see my family on Sundays.

"Now it's diferent. I can pick and choose the dates I want to wrestle and arrange them to suit my family life—not try to arrange my family life to suit my career. From now on my family comes first. I want my kids to really get to know their father. Sure, I'll still wrestle. Even when I considered retirement after I lost my belt, I guess I knew deep down I could never *totally* retire. I realize now it wasn't wrestling that was keeping me away from home. It was being the champion."

Losing the title also opened up a whole new world for Bruno. As champion, he was kept busy defending his W.W.W.F. championship in areas under the jurisdiction of the W.W.W.F. Now Bruno can wrestle in any territory he wants.

No longer champion, it's a relaxed and at ease Sammartino who waves to his cheering followers during a recent bout in New York City. "I have been meeting wrestlers now that I hadn't seen in years and I can travel any place I want to," Bruno noted. Prior to losing the crown, he rarely traveled out of W.W.W.F. territory because he was so busy defending his title.

"I'm meeting wrestlers I haven't seen since I started out 12 years ago," Bruno noted. "For example, when I went out to California to wrestle in their 22-man Battle Royal (which, the modest Bruno didn't mention, he won) I ran into my old enemy Freddie Blassie. Although we wrestled each other several times—and each time seemed bloodier than the time before—it was still good to see him. We sat down and rapped about old times. Then I ran into Haystacks Calhoun. I almost felt like crying. We haven't seen each other in years. Then there was Rocky Johnson and Mil Mascaras and so many others. I could go on naming names all night long. It was great to see those guys again.

"Another place I visited was the Detroit-Toronto area, long one of my favorites. I hadn't seen The Sheik in a few years and I gotta say he hasn't changed one bit. He's just as mean as ever. One of the biggest kicks I got was meeting my old pa Bobo Brazil. Man, were we glad to see one another. Bobo and I are old tag team partners from way back when. In fact, not too many people remember, but Bobo, I and Pedro Morales wrestled together often in six-man tag matches. Ol' Bobo's still got his hands full with The Sheik. If you ever want to get him wound

Bruno uses the ropes for leverage while lashing his feet out at a charging Smasher Sloan. "Now I can wrestle only once a week if I feel like it," Sammartino told us "and I can spend the rest of my time at home with my wife and kids. "However, I would like to wrestle Dory Funk Jr.," he added, "but only in a non-title bout!"

Notice the grimness etched into Sammartino's face as he increases the pressure of a head scissors he holds on Professor Toru Tanaka. This photo was taken while Bruno was still champion. "Every night it was a life or death struggle," he recalls. "I couldn't afford one mistake."

up—just mention The Sheik. He'll carry on for an hour or more."

It was obvious Bruno has been enjoying his freedom from the restrictions of being the world champion. But does that mean that he'll never challenge for a title again—especially now that he's free to travel and could conceivably challenge Dory Funk Jr. for his N.W.A crown?

"If Dory will accept my challenge I'll wrestle him," Bruno said. "But under one condition only. It has to be a non-title match. That's right. A non-title match only. Why? Well, let's say I'm pretty sure I can defeat Dory, although I believe he's a fine wrestler and a great champion. But I don't have a title now and I certainly don't want another one for the present time."

"Can you imagine that?" Pedro Morales, who'd joined the conversation, chimed in. "Guys all over the country are trying to get title matches with Dory Jr. and Bruno wants to wrestle him only in a non-title match. Man, you're the kind of challenger champions love to wrestle!"

Bruno laughed, and being the former champion, knew exactly what Pedro meant.

"The pressure is tough, very tough," Morales said. "That's why I know how Bruno feels. But I'm not a married man so I don't feel it as strongly as Bruno did. I don't have the obligations he did. But the pressures are there. I wrestle in title matches four times a week. Twice a week I wrestle in non-title bouts which give me the chance to experiment a little, try out new holds and stuff like that. Non-title bouts are important for just that reason. Also, you know if you lose one match your title doesn't go flying out the window. But on title nights there's just no room for mistakes. The smallest one can cost you. That's why a champion often looks very relaxed in a non-

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Dale Lewis traveled 3,000 miles to settle a grudge, only to find out that the man he was looking for was vacationing in Acapulco and couldn't care less about their former feud. That's why Dale's convinced...

"LA PANTERA NEGRA IS AFRAID OF ME!"

WHERE IS HE!" roared Dale Lewis into the microphone. "Where is that Mexican jumping bean? C'mon crybaby! Crawl out of your hole!"

The object of Lewis's outburst was nowhere to be found. In fact, while Lewis ranted and raged, La

La Pantera Negra (above) lost his United National Championship belt to Dale Lewis (right) but Negra protested the pin.

Pantera Negra, the man Lewis calls the "Mexican jumping bean," was hundreds of miles away, relaxing on the warm sands of Acapulco, Mexico. The farthest thing from his mind was Dale Lewis.

But Lewis was thinking of little else other than the man whose name translates into "The Black Panther." He had returned to California after a two-year absence, anxious to meet the man he'd once defeated in a United National Championship match. And although he was the winner of record, Lewis was really never given full credit for the triumph because of a disputed pin . . . a pin during which Negra claimed his ankle was draped over the ropes. And since the match was held in Los Angeles, Negra's claim received more publicity than Dale Lewis's victory.

"I came to California under contract for eight matches, all in defense of the United National Championship which I held at that time," Lewis

Dale tries to set Negra up for the pin with this maneuver. But Negra spun out of the hold only to be trapped into it later.

Lewis wins a test of strength (above), but when Negra quickly gets up, Dale relies on a vicious kick (right) to put his opponent on the mat a bit more permanently.

His head shaved, Apache Gringo storms around the ring holding a few bits of hair he managed to save after his scalping.

For insulting Suni War Cloud . . .

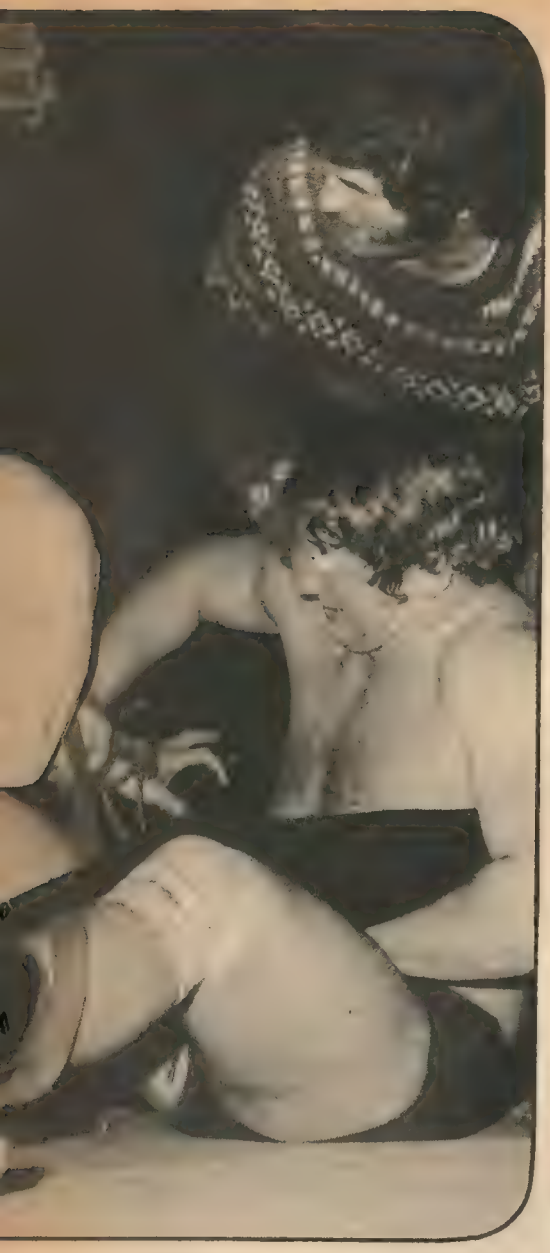
APACHE GRINGO

Suni War Cloud is a full-blooded Yaqui Indian and proud of it. So when Apache Gringo, who claims to be a full-blooded Apache, insulted War Cloud's heritage, they had it out—Indian style!

FOR YEARS THE American Indian was led to believe he was less than a first class citizen. History books depicted him as an alcohol-drinking savage. Indian children were taught to be ashamed of their heritage. That's all changing now. Indians are beginning to feel proud ot their heritage and themselves.

But what does this have to do with wrestling?

Suni War Cloud is a Yaqui Indian.



Suni War Cloud (right) pins Gringo as the referee counts. When he reached "three" the barbers went right to work.

Terry Funk helps Suni War Cloud and others hold Apache Gringo in place so his scalping (left) can be total and complete. Gringo struggled, but he finally submitted to his gruesome fate. Oh well, hair today—gone tomorrow. Right: Gringo's hair blows in the breeze as he struggles with War Cloud during their Indian style strap match. Apache lost the match—and his hair!

GETS SCALPED!

Apache Gringo is, as his name implies, an Apache. Each is fiercely proud of his heritage. But when an argument broke out between the two during a TV interview as to which was a *fullblooded* Indian—the war was on.

"Apache Gringo insulted my heritage," Suni War Cloud insisted. "There is only one way to settle this—the Indian way!"

"Suni War Cloud claimed I wasn't a full-blood," Gringo explained. "That is an insult I cannot allow to go unanswered. This must be settled."

Suni War Cloud and Apache Gringo were all set to drive out into the Texas desert and settle their squabble Indian style. But Amarillo promoter Jerry Kozak knew that the way these two meant to settle things would result in only one of them coming back. He had to intervene.

"I've done a lot of crazy things in this business," Jerry noted, "but this is the first time I ever tried to settle an Indian dispute. But I'm glad I did. If not, these two might have killed each other.

"I had to work out a plan that would allow the loser to be marked as a loser without him losing his life. It also had to have something to do with Indian customs since both wrestlers wanted to settle it 'Indian style.' I had to invent a new kind of match."

What Kozak invented was an

Apache Gringo goes into a war dance, but he couldn't dance too much because his feet got tangled up in the strap that connected him with War Cloud.

Apache Gringo chokes Suni War Cloud (left) by winding the strap around Suni's neck and pulling it over his shoulder. But the referee knows that's illegal even in an Indian Strap Match and forces him to break. So Gringo drops the pretense and turns it into a plain everyday choke (below).

"Indian Scalp Match" which is exactly what it sounds like. The loser loses his hair! The two grapplers are connected, according to Indian tradition, by a four-foot-long rawhide strap attached to their wrists. A crew of barbers would be at ringside to cut the hair of the loser. "Indian tradition or not," Kozak said, "I don't want any *real* scalping going on in this arena. Barbers can do the job professionally enough."

After thinking about the match for a few days Suni War Cloud began to have second thoughts. "It is not a good thing," he noted, "for Indian to fight Indian in public like this. It should be done in private like our forefathers did." But when Apache Gringo kept up his insults, calling War Cloud a "half-breed renegade," Suni no longer cared where or how his revenge would take place. "It has become a matter of honor," he declared.

For his part, Gringo kept up the barrage of insults pointed towards Suni War Cloud. "This man is not a full-blooded Indian," he reiterated. "He is trying to cash in on a phony Indian heritage. In fact, I think he's only one-quarter Yaqui Indian. And I shall prove it in the ring. Apaches are the greatest fighters of all. He will never beat me. Suni War Cloud will lose his hair!"

The arena was packed the night of the match. Six other wrestlers were stationed around the ring to prevent the loser from escaping without his haircut. The air was filled with war whoops as the fans exhorted Suni War Cloud. There were few whoops for Gringo. And as a crowning touch—a wig for the loser rested on a table at ringside!

Both men stood quietly while the four-foot-long rawhide strap was attached to their wrists. It would be the last time either of them stood around quietly. As soon as the bell sounded, Apache Gringo immediately went into a war dance. He came

Promoter Jerry Kozak was thoughtful in providing this wig (above) for the loser, but Gringo didn't want any part of it. Apache struggles (left) as half his head is bald, but when a half-dozen wrestlers arrive to help out (below) the Apache reluctantly gives up and the scalping proceeds.

out of it with a Tomahawk Chop to Suni's Throat, flooring the taller Indian. He then ran around behind him and pulled the strap around War Cloud's neck, choking him. Immediately, the referee moved in and began counting for Gringo to break the hold.

"Whaddya mean break!?" the Apache roared. "I thought this is Indian rules. In Indian rules this is allowed."

"It's not allowed here," the referee shot back.

With a kick to War Cloud's back—Apache Gringo finally and reluctantly broke the hold.

The strap made it impossible for either man to seek a respite either inside or outside the ring. There was simply no way he could get away from his opponent. That's why the early advantage was so important. And as War Cloud climbed groggily to his feet—it was obvious who had that advantage.

Gringo continued his punishment with kicks, chops and shoulder blocks. He pulled War Cloud toward him with the rope and then shoulder-blocked him away. Three times he did this, making War Cloud into a human yo-yo. But Gringo outsmarted himself. Trying to get behind his opponent once more, he became entangled in the rawhide strap and wrapped his own arms up! And while he struggled to free himself, Suni War Cloud got to his feet. You could practically see the strength coming back to his body.

Now it was War Cloud's time to dance—and dance he did—all over Apache Gringo. In less than two minutes he had the Apache flat on his back. Nobody could argue that the pin wasn't fair and square. Nobody—that is—but Gringo.

Faced with the loss of his precious hair, he bolted for the dressing room.

He never made it.

As Suni War Cloud watched with glee, nine wrestlers held Gringo down while the barbers shaved the Apache's head. Gringo struggled. He pushed. He pulled. He twisted his body from side to side. Nothing helped. War Cloud assisted by holding down Gringo's legs.

In about five minutes it was all over. Apache Gringo was as bald as a billiard ball. As the wrestlers let him up he looked around at the mat, seeing his precious hair lying all over it. He crawled around on his hands and knees picking up patches of hair and examining it. Holding the snatches of hair in his hands, he stood up—enraged. But there was nobody to take his anger out on! War Cloud, the other wrestlers, even the barbers were gone.

"Maybe that will teach him about insulting people," Suni War Cloud would say the next day. "If he realizes it can cost him his scalp he might not be so quick to call Indians names any more."

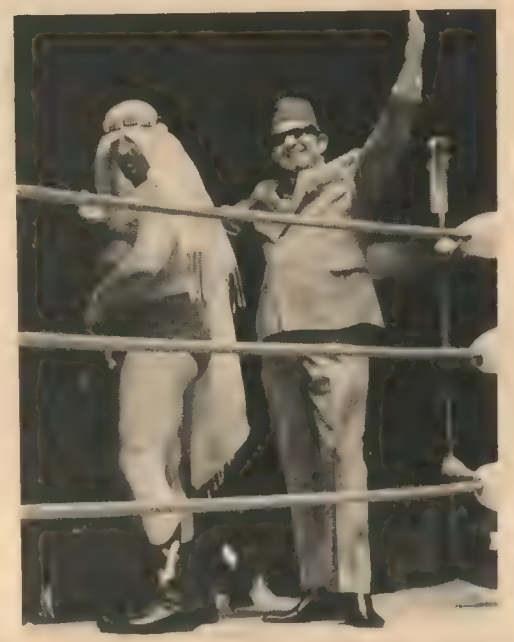
Gringo had no comment. He was too angry. So angry, in fact, he never even bothered to stop by the table and pick up the wig promoter Kozak so thoughtfully provided! □

The Grand Wizard (right) always wears his turban when assuming that identity. Below: As Abdullah Farouk, however, Wizard is never without his fez, which The Sheik insists he wear. "Only a brain as great as mine can handle being two separate people," the Wizard-Farouk admits.

Countless numbers of fans have written to us claiming they believe Abdullah Farouk and the Grand Wizard are the same man. We'd wondered about that too. And although he has previously always denied it, the Wizard-Farouk is finally admitting what many fans suspected all along!

Abdullah Farouk admits=

"I'M ALSO THE GRAND WIZARD"



Abdullah Farouk is all smiles (right) as he introduces The Sheik. When Abdullah becomes the Wizard (below) to introduce Beautiful Bobby, he uses the exact same gestures and even wears that same sly smile. The only thing that changes is his clothing. Many fans saw the similarities a few years ago but were never able to prove anything.

THE GRAND WIZARD and Abdullah Farouk are one and the same person!

Farouk, who gained prominence as manager of The Sheik, admitted he was also the Grand Wizard, sometimes known as "the Weasel," manager of such top-name grapplers as Handsome Jim Valiant, Beautiful Bobby and Stan Stasiak!

And after intense questioning from INSIDE WRESTLING associate editor Bill Apter, the Wizard revealed that the fans—the very readers of INSIDE WRESTLING and THE WRESTLER—*forced* him to finally reveal the secret he has been keeping for years!

In answer to a charge by Apter that many fans insist the Wizard and Farouk are the same, the Wizard turned ashen, and then admitted he was happy the masquerade has ended at long last.

"I should know Abdullah Farouk very well," the Wizard revealed, "since Abdullah Farouk has been me for many many years. I am Abdullah Farouk as well as the Grand Wizard. I always have been and

always intend to be. The Grand Wizard is one person and Abdullah Farouk is another person. And I have the extreme pleasure, honor and privilege of being both geniuses at once. One genius is usually enough for any one person. But in the case of the gentleman such as myself—with the great cranium I possess and the vast knowledge that I own in my Univac-type brain—no one brain can contain and no one person can have all that knowledge. Therefore, I have become two separate and distinct people!"

Obviously, what the Grand Wizard was admitting, is that he is a split personality—a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—whose personality undergoes a complete change based on mysterious and unknown factors. But if he is both the Wizard and Farouk—how can he often be two places at once, which often seems to be the case?

Bill Apter tactfully posed the question to him.

"What happens," Apter asked, "if The Sheik, let's say, is wrestling in Toronto and Handsome Jimmy Valiant is wrestling in New York the same night. Who would you go to—The Sheik or Jimmy Valiant?"

"That situation would never come up," Wizard replied, "because if you had any type of knowledge about the business you profess to be in, you would know that Toronto, the Maple Leaf Gardens, operates only on Sunday night."

"Let's take Detroit in that case," Apter shot back.

As Abdullah Farouk (left) he supervises a contract signing with The Sheik and Baba the Giant. Baba's manager, Mr. Moto, holds the International Wrestling Championship belt. Sheik usually has first priority on Farouk's services. Below: As the Wizard, he adjusts Handsome Jim Valiant's sleeve. As the Wizard he also handles Stan Stasiak and Beautiful Bobby as well as Valiant.

"Then why don't you say what you mean?" the Wizard retorted angrily. "If you have a question in your mind—get it out! Don't open your big mouth just to put hot air out!"

"All right then," Bill went on. "What about Detroit?"

"What about Detroit?" Wizard replied. "It's a very fine city and Cobo Arena is great."

"Suppose The Sheik was wrestling in Detroit," Apter continued, undeterred, "on a Wednesday night and Jimmy Valiant or maybe Beautiful Bobby or Stan Stasiak was wrestling in New York on the same night. Who would you go to?"

"It would depend very much, almost entirely, upon who each man was wrestling," the Wizard-Farouk answered. "We would carefully analyze it in my brain. We'd put it into my computer. We'd feed the names of the two men each man is wrestling into my computer brain, analyze the data, and decide with the results of that computer brain of mine which man needed me the most. Wherever I would be needed the most is where I would go. Wherever I could help the most I would go. Each case is different. Each one is problematical. Each one is adjusted as the matches come up."

The Grand Wizard is all smiles while introducing Blackjack Mulligan (right), who has since left the Wizard to go to Bobby Heenan. The Wizard never forgave Mulligan, whom he says was a "nothing" until he "made him into a wrestler." Below: Abdullah Farouk argues with a referee he accused of "persecuting my Sheik."

Being two people can lead to some serious problems. For example, whom does the Internal Revenue Service collect its taxes from—Wizard or Farouk? "Do you pay taxes twice?" Apter asked.

"Until I see your badge as an Internal Revenue man I will merely say that your nose is as big as your mouth . . . and that makes it quite large," he responded irritably.

The Grand Wizard, at one time, managed Blackjack Mulligan until Mulligan left because the Wizard was paying too much attention to Beautiful Bobby. Being two managers at once has to result in favoritism and perhaps even jealousy among his wrestlers. For example, is The Sheik jealous of the time the Wizard spends with his other wrestlers?

"Of course The Sheik is not jealous!" the Wizard roared. "He realizes the great wealth he has in me and he's willing to share that great wealth. He's a very philanthropic gentleman."

For years psychiatrists have been studying split personalities, but the average man rarely understands what it's like or how it works. Wizard claims it's simple.

"I can put my other hat on and change my personality completely," the Wizard said. "As I told you previously, I change myself completely. I am two, separate, completely different people. I maintain homes in the midwest and in New York. I am one man in one place and another man in another place. When I get in the airplane the metamorphosis takes place and by the time I have landed I am who I am going to be that night."

But the biggest question of all, of course, was *why*, after all this time, has the Wizard finally admitted to being Abdullah Farouk?

"That is the first halfway-intelligent question you have asked so far," Wizard began, "and I wondered when you were going to get around to it. The answer is simple. Previously, although many fans noted a physical resemblance between the Grand Wizard and Abdullah Farouk, who would have be-

(Continued on page 51)

THE CONVICT'S ON THE LOOSE AGAIN!

THE CONVICT IS BACK! And this time he's determined to go straight—straight to the record books as the most vicious, detestable ring maniac in history!

"They did it to me again," he said in an unusually soft voice for a man who stands nearly seven feet tall. "They locked me up for something I didn't do. Two lousy, stinking, rotten years I spent in the slam for something I didn't do. Somebody's gonna pay and pay good!"

The last time The Convict got out of jail nobody knew whether or not he was released or he escaped. This time he's out legally—paroled for, of all things, good behavior! Is this

"They did it to me again!" The Convict roars. "Two lousy rotten years in the slam for something I didn't do. Somebody's gonna pay—and pay good!"

He's seven feet tall. He weighs 400 pounds. And he carries his hatred for the world around like a chip on his shoulder. Wherever The Convict goes—trouble follows!

a sign that The Convict is changing his ways?

"No chance," he said. "It just means that all the hell I raised in prison nobody found out about. I already had my reputation from my last stretch. Nobody was going to mess with me. I didn't have to prove nothing. But they took two years outta my life for something I didn't do. That's two years I gotta make up for—fast."

According to court records, The Convict was arrested for an assault on two old ladies. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to five years, of which he served two. He claims he didn't do it.

"I was living in an apartment," he explained, "and two cops came to the door and told me to get dressed. I asked 'em 'what for?'

"They told me I knew damn well what for. Then they said I beat up two old ladies. I didn't believe it. What's a guy my size gotta beat up old ladies for? I told 'em I didn't do it but they just laughed. If they didn't have me handcuffed I'd have killed 'em right there.

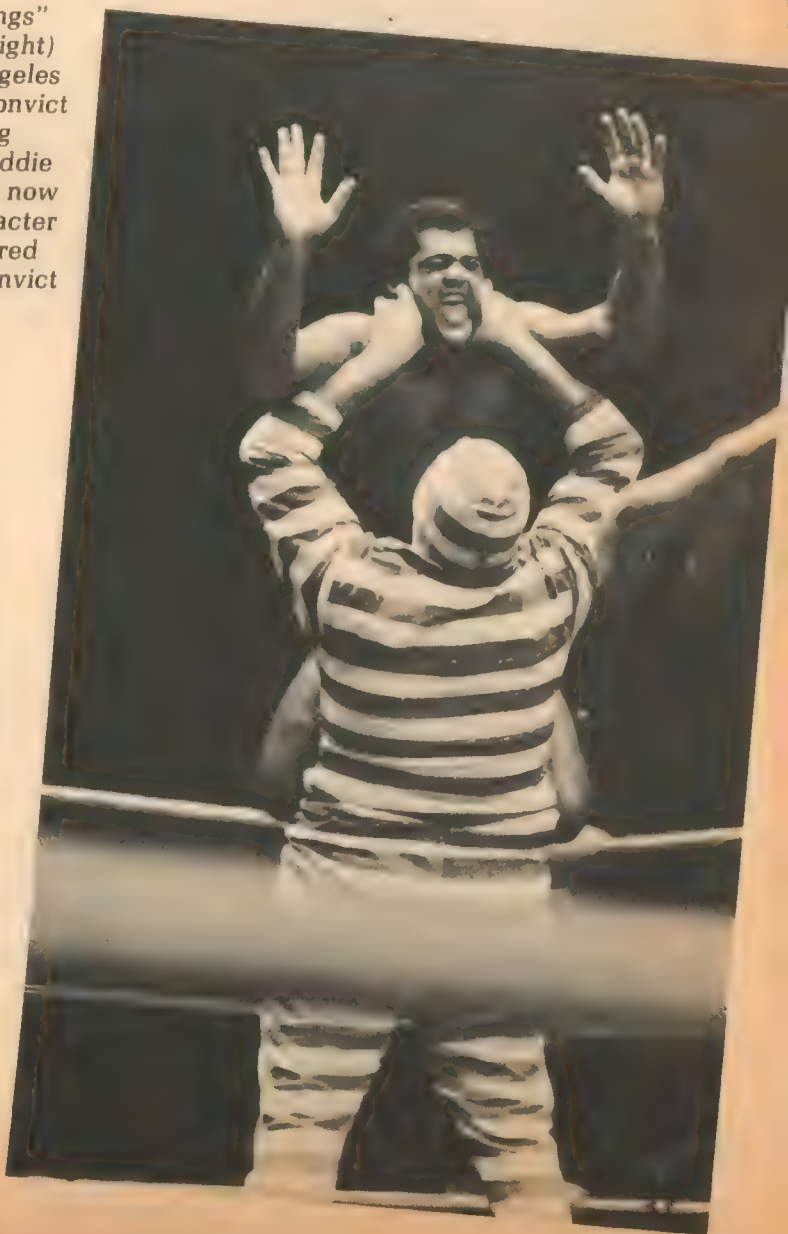
"But you know how those things are. Just cause I got a record—just cause I'm a con—right away they pull me in. But that's not what bothered me. Ya learn to expect that. What got me angry was the attitude of my so-called 'fellow wrestlers.' My lawyer asked a few of them to appear as character witnesses for me. All they had to do was say I'd been wrestling and leading a good life. But not one of 'em was willing to risk his neck for me. Not one was willing to say he'd attest to my character. Even Freddie Blassie, who used to be my tag team partner, refused to speak up for me. Nobody wanted to get involved.

"I know. You're thinkin' to yourself why should anybody testify for me. I didn't expect bums like Morales or Mascaras or the Medics or any of them to speak up for me. Not after what I done to them. But there's guys in this business I never injured. Guys I teamed with. Where were they? I'll tell ya. They were nowhere! And I ain't forgotten. I'm going to get even with them. Each and every one. They're gonna feel sorry they didn't help me when I needed them. Because now that I'm out they're gonna pay. One by one they're gonna pay!"

What happened to The Convict

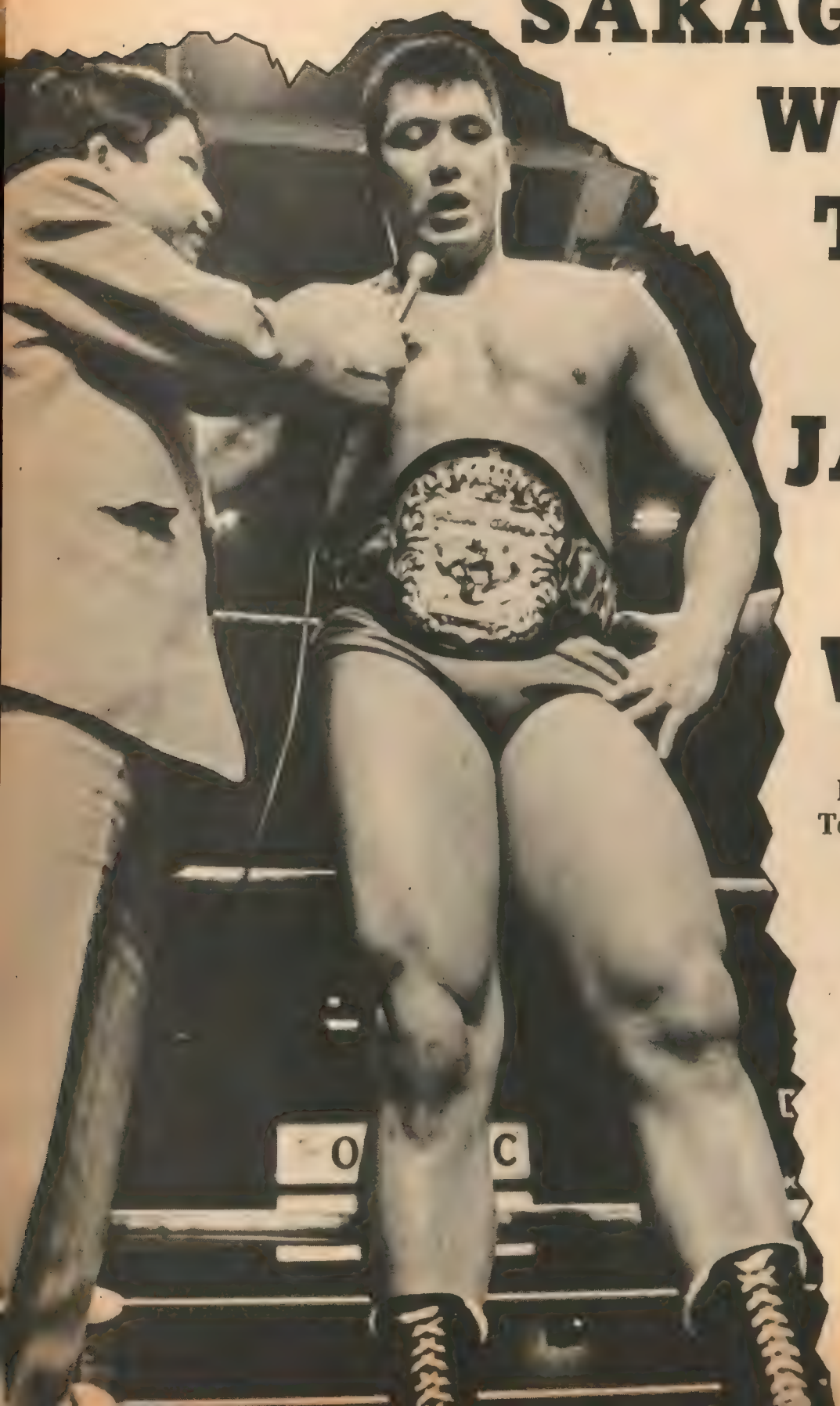
(Continued on page 52)

The Convict "hangs" Pedro Morales (right) in a 1968 Los Angeles match. Below: Convict dwarfs former tag team partner Freddie Blassie whom he now despises. A character reference from Fred might've kept Convict out of jail.



SAKAGUCHI WINS A TITLE AND JAPAN GOES WILD!

By TOSHI SUZUMA
Tokyo Correspondent



Koru Ryoshi, one of Japan's most famous announcers, interviews Sakaguchi after his sensational victory over King Krow in Los Angeles. The match was televised live via satellite to Tokyo and thousands of Japanese wrestling fans got up at four in the morning to watch the history-making telecast. The belt Sakaguchi has is the United National Championship belt formerly worn by Krow.

IT WAS ABOUT four o'clock in the morning. The sun had not yet crept up over the horizon. The streets of Tokyo were deserted. But few people were sleeping.

Despite the hour, television sets all over Japan were on. People were busy throwing cold water over their eyes to wake themselves up. The few families who didn't have a set, or whose set was being repaired, visited with neighbors. All in all, it was quite a morning.

The reason for the activity was happening thousands of miles away—in Los Angeles, California, to be exact. For the first time in history, a wrestling match would be televised—live via satellite—to Japan. And the Japanese, fanatical wrestling fans that we are, were not about to let the 4 a.m. starting time deter us from being in on this history-making event.

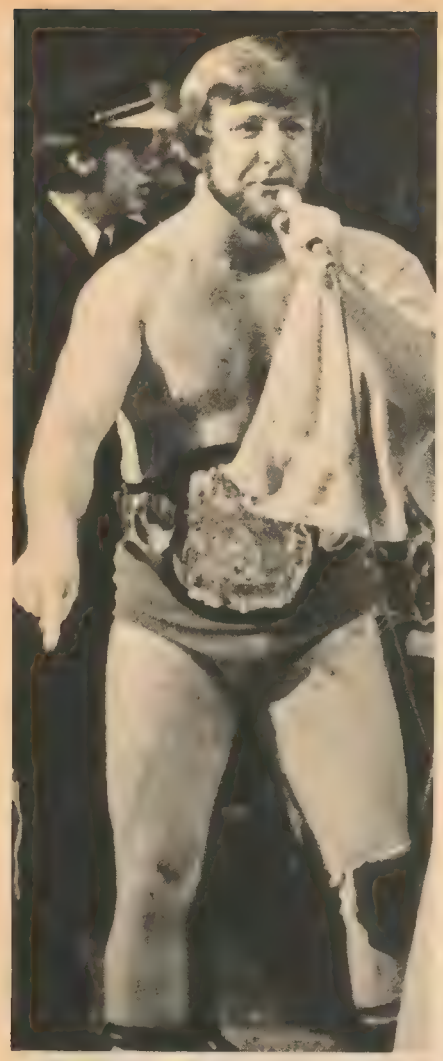
The satellite match was made possible since the satellite was being used to transmit the Olympic Winter Games from Sapporo to the United States. But although the Japanese swelled with pride when the Games went off without a hitch, it was wrestling—not sking or skating—that got the citizens up at four in the morning.

The match that would be televised featured one of Japan's biggest and most popular stars—Sakaguchi. His opponent—King Krow—held the Pacific Coast Championship and his title would be on the line.

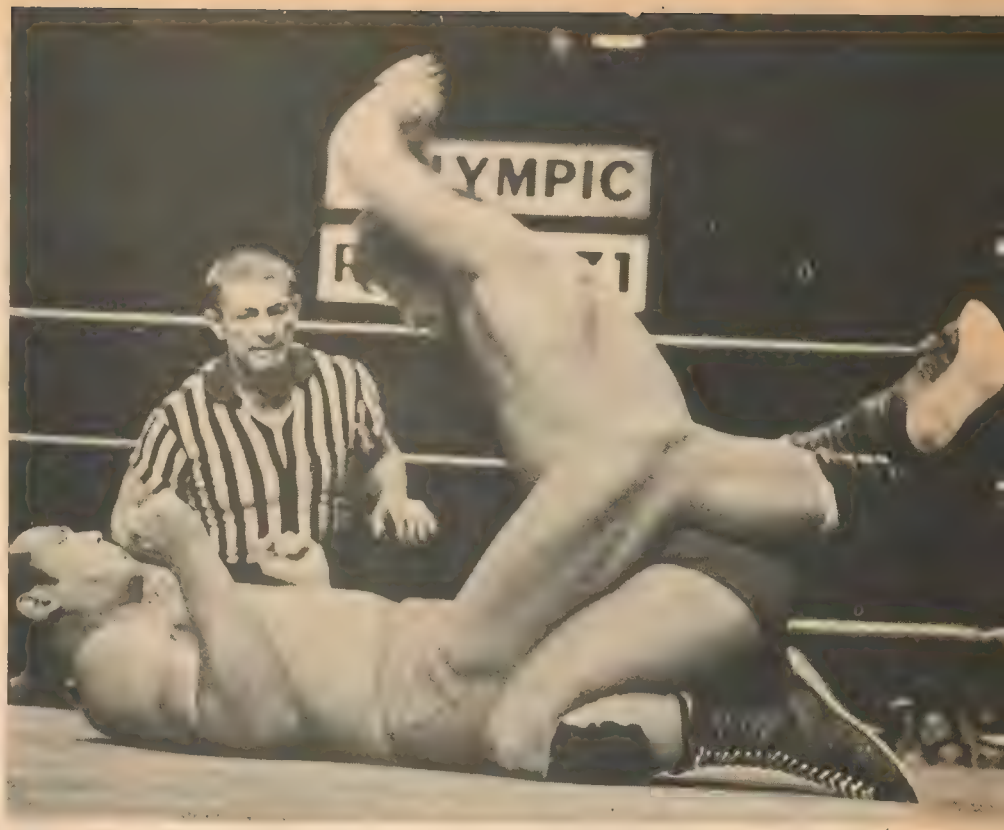
The preliminary match featured

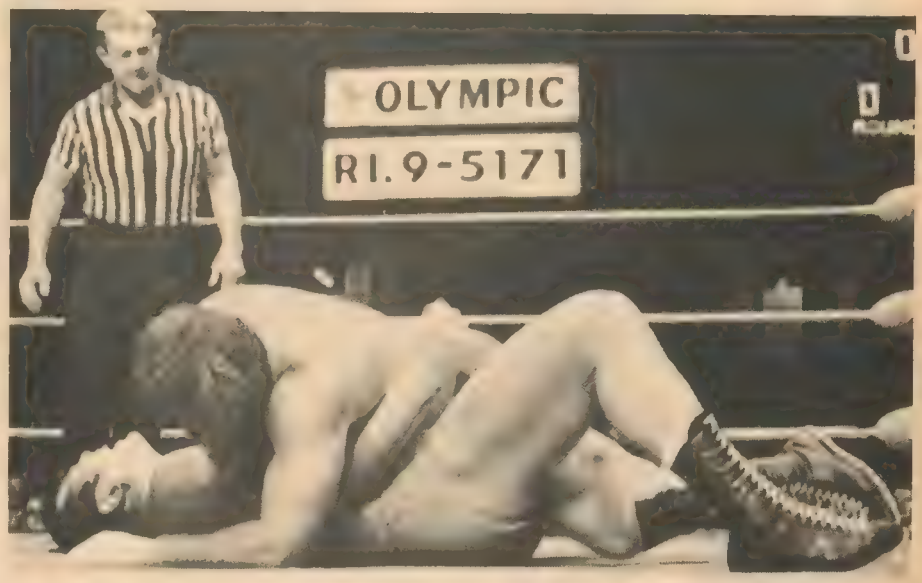
Sakaguchi puts on the backbreaker (left) and Krow is forced to give up. Above: Sakaguchi is so overcome with joy he hoists the referee high into the air as his friend, Takachio, joins in. Right: The winner holds his belt up for the world to see.

Wrestling history was made recently. For the first time ever, a match held in the United States was televised live via satellite to the people of Japan. We think this event is of such importance to the future of international wrestling, we asked correspondent Toshi Suzuma to give us a first-hand impression of what the match was like from his side of the Pacific. We think you'll like reading the story of this match from a somewhat different viewpoint.



King Krow, wearing his belt, tells the TV audience about his plans to demolish their hero. His language surprised the polite Japanese fans.





King Krow evens the match at one fall apiece (top of page) by slamming double clenched fists into Sakaguchi's solar plexus. Above: With the wind knocked out of him, Sakaguchi cannot prevent Krow from pinning him.

Takachio against one of the Peace Brothers, and Japanese fans were delighted, of course, when Takachio triumphed. But it was the Sakaguchi match that concerned them. Sakaguchi is the number one contender for Shoehi Baba's Japanese title and a good showing in this match might just get him the championship match he's been seeking. But before seeing Sakaguchi, Japanese fans were treated to some rather ill-timed words by Mr. Krow. During a translated interview with announcer Koru Ryoshi, Japan's leading TV announcer who had flown to the United States for just this broadcast, Krow predicted he'd pulverize his foe and leave him "groveling in the dust."

This stunned and confused the viewers, although having been to the United States, I was not surprised. In Japan, the wrestlers do not put down or curse or make fun of or threaten their opponents as is the custom in the United States. When a wrestler appears on an interview here he speaks respectfully of his opponent, as his opponent always does of him. The calling of names is simply unknown here and most of the people I spoke to about it were shocked that something like this goes on.

After Krow's speech, promoter Mike Lebell welcomed the TV fans in Japan. Then the match began and millions of Japanese fans sat biting their nails as Sakaguchi gained an early advantage over Krow.

It was a two-out-of-three-fall contest and Sakaguchi never looked better. For Krow, although it was a title match, the motivation could not have been as great. Sakaguchi knew millions of his fans were watching him at home. This match had to mean more to him than any other he ever had.

Krow opened the match by kicking Sakaguchi in the stomach, but Saka,

Sakaguchi tries to take the final fall with his "Japanese Sleeper" hold. But Krow knows once the hold is properly applied he has no chance. His only hope is the ropes. This sequence of photos shows how he made it. In the top photo, he inches his way towards the edge of the ring. Next he reaches out—but comes up short. The third photo from the top shows him almost there. Whew! Made it! The bottom photo shows Krow through the ropes and Sakaguchi is breaking the Sleeper hold.

as his fans call him, reversed things immediately by trapping Krow in the corner and giving him the exact same treatment. Krow tried to put Sakaguchi to sleep but the referee ruled it a choke hold. However, not too long after, Saka put the Sleeper on King Krow. But just before Krow was about to go under, Saka released the hold and turned it into a Boston Crab.

Krow was in trouble now. His neck was twisted almost backwards as big Saka increased the pressure. Suddenly, the referee made a sweeping motion with his hands. The first fall was over. King Krow had given up!

The tension increased. Although Saka can certainly handle himself, there wasn't a man watching his TV set who didn't want to get in there magically, somehow, and help him win that title and bring it to Japan.

But it wouldn't be that easy. Saka managed to apply the Sleeper again, but this time Krow edged himself to the side of the ring where he was able to reach the ropes. Shortly afterwards, Krow decked Saka with a series of forearm smashes. He then bounced off the ropes and body-blocked Sakaguchi to the canvas. Saka managed to get a body scissors on Krow, but it left his stomach an open target. Krow came down with a vicious two-handed blow to the solar plexus knocking the wind out of Saka. He then bodypressed him for the pin and the match was tied.

Sakaguchi seemed to have gotten his second wind in the third fall. He simply overwhelmed King Krow

(Continued on page 60)

MOOSE CHOLOK

A GRIZZLY BEAR WITH A HEART OF GOLD

MOOSE CHOLOK DOESN'T have too many problems with drunks at his bar—especially when they find out who the bouncer is. Even sober men have sworn off the hard stuff when they saw the Moose bearing down on them saying, "You aren't planning to make any trouble here, are you?"

"N-N-N-No," they usually stutter. "I-I-I-I was just leaving."

"Good," Moose would reply. "I'd hate to see you hanging from the wall as a trophy."

Moose is the bouncer, owner, bartender, maitre d' and sometimes even the bartender at the Moose Cholok Beach Club, a popular spot near Chicago. And when we were in Chicago watching Moose battle Lars Anderson awhile back, he invited us to spend a day with him at his club.

"You guys do a lot of stories about what wrestlers do at home or on their

When things get too hectic for Moose he heads for his cabin in the woods and works off his energy by chopping down trees.

Moose and his close friend and tag team partner, Paul Christy (left), relax between falls of a Chicago match against the Blackjacks. Below: The Moose hoists a glass of his favorite brew outside his beach club. It's a popular spot for wrestlers.

There's an old saying that you can judge a man's true worth by the number of friends he has and by what they say about him. And you only have to spend a few hours at Moose Cholok's beach club to find out what kind of guy the rugged wrestler really is.

day off," he said, "why don't you do one on my place? We get some pretty interesting characters in there from time to time."

It sounded like a good idea so we decided to take Moose up on it—especially when he said he'd cook us breakfast. The sight of huge Moose Cholok wearing an apron standing behind a stove was just too much to pass up.

Moose was already in the kitchen when we got there. Since liquor isn't served until noon, the bar was empty. But Moose was cooking breakfast for some early arrivals.

"Moose, you look lovely in that apron," we said teasingly.

"The last guy who teased me about wearing an apron is in Cook County Hospital," he replied with a wink. "I don't know why everybody has the idea that cooking is a woman's job. The greatest chefs in the world are men. Just because I'm a big, strong guy doesn't mean that I can't be a good cook too. Here, taste this."

We dug into a plate of bacon and eggs Moose had prepared and it was good—as good as you'll find in any restaurant. And the fried chicken he was making for lunch—which he let us sample—was absolutely delicious. "I'm not the only wrestler who enjoys cooking, you know," Moose told us. "Argentina Apollo is one of the best gourmet cooks around. Me, I don't go in much for that gourmet stuff. I'm a steak and potatoes and fried chicken man my-

Moose samples a batch of fried chicken he cooked up in the kitchen. It was delicious. In addition to all his other duties in running the club, Moose does the cooking.

Moose gets a shine from one of the youngsters who idolize him. This little boy is helping support his family and comes into Cholok's club every day. It's an unwritten rule that everybody gets a shine.

self."

After his stint in the kitchen, Moose went into the main room as some of the regulars began to drift in. At noon the bar opened and Moose began serving drinks. We asked a few of the patrons why they came to Moose's place.

"First of all," said Joseph Krajewicz, a steelworker, "I like the place. It's friendly and with Moose around you know there's never going to be any serious trouble. Second, this is one of the few places that doesn't try to rob you blind. When you pay for a drink here you get a good drink. Nothing is ever watered down. Moose runs a good, tight ship. Also, there's the entertainment—at least that's what we call it anyway. Hang around and you'll see it. Sooner or later there'll be some guy in here who'll want to challenge Moose to an arm wrestle or to shoot pool. Moose'll bet 'em a drink or two. They always fall for it. I ain't ever seen Moose lose an arm wrestle yet."

Sure enough, about an hour later, a young man about 23 years old came in to order a beer. He asked to see Moose, who was in the kitchen at the time.

"Okay Cholok," the youngster roared defiantly, "I'm ready for you this time."

"See this kid?" Moose said as we went behind the bar. "He's a weightlifter, a real nice kid, an ex-Marine. Comes in here every week and challenges me to an arm wrestle. He always loses and always buys a round for the bar. Drops a lot of bread too when we're crowded. But when he comes in at night with his girl I treat him like a king. Sometimes I pick up the tab for him. But he's got this thing in his head that he's got to beat me in an arm wrestle. It's like a game. I'll beat him, he'll buy drinks for the house, but when he comes in some night with his buddies he's like a big shot. He appreciates it."

Moose put his elbow on the bar and clasped hands with his adversary. It took Moose about four seconds to press the ex-Marine's arm down to the bar.

"About five seconds, kid," Moose told him. "Not bad. One of these days you'll beat me yet."

The young man just shook his head and ordered a round.

Just then a youngster came in, no more than 11 or 12 years old, carrying a shoeshine box. Moose immediately sat down on the barstool and told the youngster to shine 'em up.

"That's another reason I like to come here," the steelworker said. "That little boy has five brothers and sisters and his mother's a widow.

A daily customer is this ex-Marine who constantly challenges Moose to an arm wrestling contest. He hasn't beaten the man behind the bar once, but he never quits trying. This time he lost in less than five seconds. And when he loses he buys a round for the house.

Moose steps behind the bar to help out the bartender during a busy period. Note the number of older men there. For most of them Moose's club is the only place around where they can pass some time and are made to feel welcome. They consider Moose's place "a second home."

He shines shoes to help the family out. Never keeps a penny for himself. Every day he comes in here and every day Moose gets his shoes shined. Now Moose needs a shoeshine like I need another mother-in-law. He wears heavy work boots or sandals usually. But as soon as the kid comes in he puts on this pair of black shoes and gets a shine. And almost everybody else in the bar gets a shine too. Everybody throws the kid a buck. I don't think that kid ever walked out of here with less than $10 in his pocket. That's just Moose's way of helping out. He knows the kid won't take charity. But he figures if he lets him give shines it's no longer charity. And that kid idolizes Moose, too. I remember when Moose took him to the wrestling matches once. The kid didn't stop talking about it for two months."

Moose sort of ordered us to get a shine—which we did—and then practiced his pool shooting while the regular bartender took over. In the next 10 minutes, he sat in at a friendly card game at one of the back tables, listened to a customer talk about his marital problems, refereed a political argument, escorted a patron who'd imbibed too heavily out the door and told how he defeated Lars Anderson the previous night. He didn't stop for a second.

"It's all part of being a good host," Moose said. "When you run a place like this you've got to be a part-time political analyst, bouncer, storyteller, father confessor—everything. You have to know hundreds of customers by their first names and you have to remember what they like to drink. You've got to ask them about their problems and be able to lend a sympathetic ear when they tell you. I'd say 90 percent of our customers are regulars. It's hard to build up a clientele like that and even harder to keep 'em. But they know that when they come into Moose's place they're comin' into a second home."

A second home is quite an apt description of the beach club everyone calls "Moose's place." Everyone seemed to know everyone else and they all made themselves at home. Old men who otherwise might not have anywhere to go are allowed to play pinochle at one of the tables in the back if the place isn't too crowded. Other guys come in to have a few beers and shoot a little pool or simply just to get out of the house. Even other wrestlers, people like Rodeo Jones and Paul Christy, drop

Moose always tries to find time to sit in with some of his customers at the card games (above) he allows when the club isn't too busy. "Some of these older fellows have no other place to go," Moose explained. Note the kibitzer in the top of the picture. He had a few too many so Moose is forced to escort him out of the club (left).

in from time to time. When they do, Moose invariably sits down at the piano and bangs out a few songs in which Jones and Christy join in.

"We call them 'The Unholy Three' because they're so bad," the steelworker said. "You ain't heard nothing as bad in your life than when you hear Moose and his friends singing. But I ain't gonna tell him he's bad. He's too big. But he's such a nice guy you don't mind him singing. Hell, look around this place. If it wasn't for Moose a lot of these guys wouldn't have no place to go. He lets 'em hang around if it ain't crowded. Moose—he's the best."

"Sure I could make more money if I tried to push drinks and run people in and out like some of those fancy bars," Moose said. "But this ain't that kind of a place. This is a place where a working man can come in and relax and feel at home. A lotta guys need a place like this where they can get away from it all. Me, I got a place up in the north woods. Whenever I want to get away from the world I go up there and chop some

Moose lines one up at the pool table in the back of the bar (right). He has become quite an accomplished pool player from his daily games against the customers. Below: It's Moose at the piano, Paul Christy wetting his tonsils, and Rodeo Jones in the corner as they get ready for a "Cholok singalong." The bar's patrons call Cholok, Christy and Jones the "Unholy Three" because their singing's so bad. But it's fun.

wood and relax. Most of these guys don't have a refuge like that. This place is their refuge."

Most of the customers we spoke to described the place exactly as Moose had. They consider it a "home away from home" and they appreciate the way Moose goes out of his way to make thim feel comfortable. One man in particular, a retired mailman who said he was 77 years old, told us what he thought.

"When you get to be our age," he noted, "a lot of people don't want you any more. Youngsters have their own lives and don't want you hanging around. You don't have a job to go to. There's just nothing to do. So we go down to Moose's place and play a little cards and have a few beers. Most of us are on pensions or social security and Moose aint' going to get rich off of us. But he treats us the same way as a guy who comes in here and drops 30 or 40 dollars. Sometimes he lets us do some odd jobs or a little repair work. It makes us feel wanted, like we're still worthwhile. There ain't a regular customer in this place who wouldn't cut off his right arm for Moose. That's the kind of guy he is."

It was getting late and Moose was preparing to get things ready for the free-spending evening crowd. "I'm sorry I didn't get more of a chance to talk to you," Moose told us as we left, "but I was kinda busy today."

We told him it was okay since we found out more about Moose Cholok than we'd bargained for. "Yeah," he said, "I saw you talking to the guys. I hope they didn't tell you anything bad about me."

We told Moose they hadn't. Somehow we got the impression there just wasn't anything bad they could have said. □

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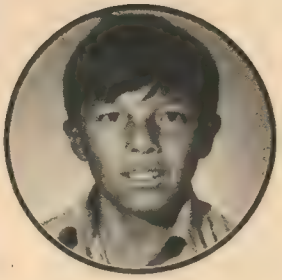
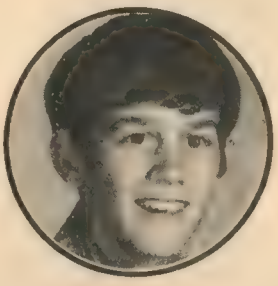


MAX MOSES (12)
Sunrise Store
Ganado, AZ 86505
Likes football, baseball. Mil Mascaras his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.

REGINA HENRY (16)
Box 512
Shiprock, NM 87420
Likes horse-back riding. Rickey Romero her favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for PPs.

RICHARD GOFF (24)
212 Rowland Drive
Lynchbury, VA 24503
Enjoys swimming, outdoor sports. Bruno his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.

MIKE TRANTHAM (10)
405 E. Tyler
Media, TX 76667
Likes basketball, swimming. Wahoo McDaniel his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.

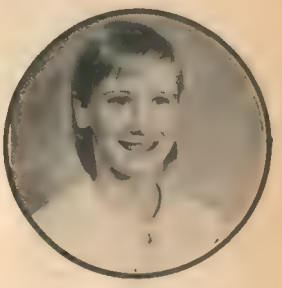


JIM BRADFORD (13)
6343 Douglas Rd.
Indianapolis, IN 46220
Enjoys studying animals. Likes good guys. Boys for pen pals.

APACHE TROCHE (16)
307 East 101st St.
New York City, NY 10029
Likes to wrestle. Pedro Morales her favorite. Likes good guys. Boys for pen pals.

ANTHONY PIAZZA (12)
45-08 108th Street
Corona, NY 11368
Likes all sports. Pedro Morales his favorite. Likes good guys. Boys for pen pals.

ROBERT MORAN (15)
114 West 11th St.
Erie, PA 16501
Likes drag racing and horses. Johnny Valentine his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for pen pals.



TAMMY WALBERG (10)
106 N. Martin
Salem, MO 65560
Likes riding bikes and swimming. Pat O'Connor her favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.

PALS

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JEFFREY SUPER

ELAINE REID (14)
Scottland Heights
Apt. 12-B
Macon, GA 31204
Likes to skate. Bob Armstrong her favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.

AUDIE MASHBURN (13)
56 Elder St.
Fairburg, GA 30213
Enjoys baseball, drawing. Dick Steinborn his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for PPs.

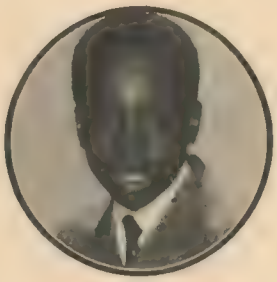
MARY BETH CRAFTON (8)
Box 8
Stockdale, PA 15483
Collects wrestling mags. Geeto Mongol her favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for pen pals.

A.I.C. PULAA TUAOA (19)
432 CSGp Box 37
APO San Francisco, CA 96237
Likes to play cricket. Peter Maivia favorite. Likes bad and good guys. Anyone for pen pals.

ALICIA ZIELINSKI (16)
131 Sunset Drive
Bardstown, KY 40004
Likes doing almost anything. Favorite is Jackie Fargo. Likes good and bad guys. Nice people for PPs.

JACK WHITEHOUSE JR. (19)
403 Southward Drive
Youngstown, OH 44515
Enjoys drag racing, music. Johnny Powers his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Girls for pen pals.

BILL KOHLER (15)
1680 Charon Rd.
Jacksonville, FL 32205
Enjoys listening to music. Mr. Wrestling his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.



PHIL AUSTIN (16-1/2)
100-20 208th St.
Queens, NY 11429
Likes karate, weight lifting, soccer. Mil Mascaras his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for PPs.

DWIGHT ROCHON (15)
East Simcoe Unit 16
Lafayette, LA 70501
Enjoys football, basketball. Tom Jones his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Girls for pen pals.

JEFF DEMERS (12)
Rt. I, Box 207-H2
Daytona Beach, FL 32014
Enjoys reading and football. Favorite is Jack Brisco. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.

ALEX GARZA (11)
9930 Delmar
Montclair, CA 91763
Collects wrestling photos, magazines. Don Carson his favorite. Likes good guys. Boys for pen pals.

GILBERT ALCALA (14)
958 Shephard Drive
Corpus Christi, TX 78412
Likes football. Mil Mascaras his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for PPs.

KEITH MORE (9)
9430 Potter Road
Des Plaines, Il 60016
Enjoys mini bikes, baseball. Ed Carpentier his favorite. Likes good guys. Boys for pen pals.

ALAN MARKOVSKY (20)
8 Cavanaugh Path
Newton Centre, MA 02159
Likes sports, music. Favorite is Karl Gotch. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.

TOM CONWAY (17)
85 Van Houten Place
Belleville, NJ 07109
Likes music, shooting pool, soccer. Favorite is the Masked Russians. Likes good and bad guys. Girls for pen pals.

Sincerely Yours...

MEXICAN MAYHEM

I'm glad Goliath and Black Gordman split up. Now maybe we'll be able to see a real war. I'm tired of seeing the same guys wrestle each other so often. I'd like to see Goliath and Gordman wrestle soon because it'll be the bloodiest match wrestling has ever seen. Does any promoter have the guts to make this match? If promoter Abe Ford had the guts to make the Valiant-Strongbow battle he should have little trouble packing his Boston Garden with this one.

CARLETTA MANGUS
Modesto, California

FUNK IS A FLUNKY!

I'm sick of the way Dory Funk Jr. wins his matches. Everytime he's in danger of losing his title he gets himself disqualified. I personally feel that Jack Brisco is the real champion and I bet I could get a thousand other fans to back me up.

BOBBY LEDDON
Atlanta, Georgia

ROTTEN REFEREES

I feel that Philadelphia wrestling is in need of new referees! A few months ago I saw Rene Goulet and Karl Gotch robbed of their W.W.W.F. tag team title when the referee was too frightened to disqualify their opponents—King Curtis and Baron Sicluna. Also, their manager—Lou Albano—ran into the ring to help Curtis and Sicluna several times in plain view of the referee and the ref still did nothing! I love wrestling but the referees are just plain lousy!

TOM KEELER
Franconia, Pennsylvania

WHERE'S WATTS?

I enjoy INSIDE WRESTLING and THE WRESTLER very much but I have yet to see a feature story on Cowboy Bill Watts. Bill is a real superstar. He could beat Funk Jr., Morales and Gagne all in the same night. Bill's only lost one bout in his career and that was a close one with then champion Bruno Sammartino. How about an exclusive story on the Cowboy?

CHARLES KITTLES
Bronx, New York

One fan wants to see Momma and Ken Dillinger tangle with Vivian and Mad Dog Vachon. What a wild battle that would be!

LOOK OUT MOMMA!

So, there's another Dillinger on the loose—Momma Dillinger. I'd like to see her get her lumps and get out of wrestling. I'd enjoy seeing a lady wrestler or even one of the men hand her head to her. You know what would be a fantastic match? Put Momma and Ken Dillinger in the ring—with chains—against Mad Dog and Vivian Vachon. Dillinger's side wouldn't last too long.

PAT KEMP
Silver Creek, New York

MORE GIRLS

Just a line of thanks from some real girl wrestling fans to let you know we'd like to see some more of the ladies. Your recent photo story of Tippy Wells and Marie Darnell was really out a' sight!

RED MIGGINS
San Francisco, California

WHAT A LAUGH!

I just couldn't believe it when Fred Blassie told a national television audience that he'd second John Tolos in John's match with Killer Kowalski. If I didn't see it with my own eyes I'd refuse to believe it. Blassie has become John's chum—John Tolos—the man who blinded Blassie! Blassie must be nuts!

FRED KREISS
Colonia, New Jersey

IVAN'S GOT TROUBLE!

Since The Big K says his man Ivan Koloff can take on two men at once, why doesn't he put his dumb animal in a ring with Billy Robinson and Don Muraco. By the time they get through with Koloff, Big K will be searching for a new title contender. Thank you for your fine coverage of the A.W.A. areas. We hope to read more about their great wrestlers in the near future.

HUGH ADAIR
Dryden, Ontario

IVAN'S MANAGER'S GOT TROUBLE TOO!

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TOM ROBINSON
Geneva, Nebraska

"I'M ALSO THE GRAND WIZARD"

(Continued from Page 35)

Farouk grabs INSIDE WRESTLING reporter Bill Apter during an interview in Detroit when Apter first accused Farouk of being the Wizard as well. At that time the wily manager vehemently denied that allegation.

lieved that one man, so great, so talented, could have existed? Who would believe that the genius who guides the career of the invincible Sheik and such greats and Handsome Jim Valiant and Stan Stasiak could be the same man? I'll tell you who—nobody! They would have considered it mentally and physically impossible. The world was not ready for my secret to be known.

"Now that they've seen what I've accomplished they can't say it's impossible. Besides, the fans were getting suspicious. They kept badgering me, asking me if Farouk was my cousin or my brother. A few even suggested Farouk and I were the same person. They began to put pressure on the various commissions. They began writing letters and making charges to your magazines. Finally, I conferred with The Sheik and we decided it was time for the world to know. Other peanut-brained managers like that J. C. Dykes and Nikita Mulkovich were going around crowing about how great they are and about the champions they had. We decided to shut them up once and for all by revealing to the world my dual identity and my superior managing abilities. Rather than continually resist the fan pressure—we decided to let the world in on the secret." Farouk . . . er . . . the Wizard . . . or whoever he is, plans no changes now that the word is out. "Many people consider the Grand Wizard a genius and they also consider Abdullah Farouk a genius," he said, "so all that'll change now is that they'll know *two* geniuses live in the brain of the same man. That's almost an impossible concept to believe. But since the world thought so highly of each of my personalities—the mind absolutely boggles at what they'll think of me now that they know the Grand Wizard and Abdullah Farouk are the same person!"

Yup, Wiz, the mind boggles. □

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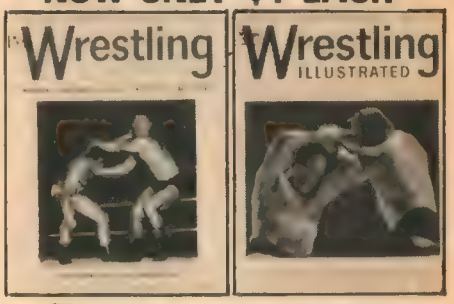

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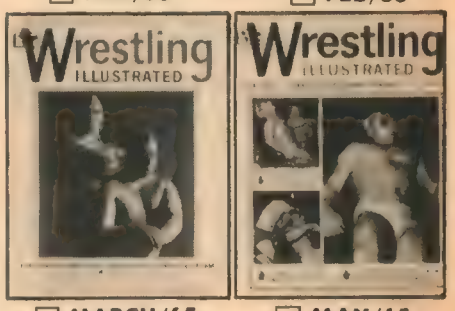

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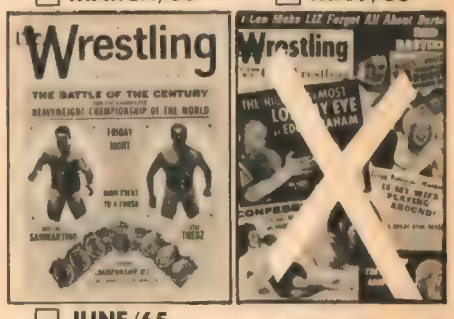

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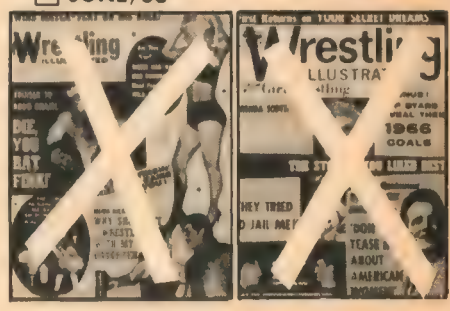

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Pedro Morales (left) finds the best way to handle The Convict is to pull his prison uniform over his head so he can't see. Right: Standing outside the ropes, The Convict puts a chest-crushing bearhug on Bobo Brazil. The Convict was disqualified but Brazil wound up with a case of severely bruised ribs.

Again The Convict finds himself on the wrong side of the ropes as he tries to choke the breath out of Mil Mascaras. The Convict claims he no longer has friends among the other wrestlers since none of them would help him out when he needed them. He's vowed revenge against every wrestler.

was largely his own doing. His style of wrestling—no matter who his opponent is—is not exactly the kind that wins many friends and admirers. Even other "villains" make it a point to steer clear of him.

The Convict has been a "loner" ever since he first entered wrestling. His preference for privacy created many weird rumors about him, none of which were ever proven. Some said he even had a private dungeon where he supposedly kept beautiful women bound and gagged.

"Yeah I heard all them stories," he said. "They don't bother me none. I don't care what people say or think. I don't have no friends. I thought I had one or two among the wrestlers. But you saw what happened when the chips were down. That's friends for ya. I been on my own for quite awhile now and I plan to stay that way. Except now I'll have a little extra incentive when I get into the ring. Know what I mean?"

The Convict has been an enigma ever since he broke into the sport after his first stint in jail. His parole officer, J.W. Strong, filled us in on his background.

"The man you call The Convict came from a very poor background. His father was an alcoholic who beat him and his mother up mercilessly. I don't know how they stood it for so long. Anyway, one day his father was found—murdered. He and his mother were indicted for the murder and sent to prison. She died soon after, something he always held the prison and society responsible for. He claimed they were framed . . . that as much as they hated his father they still wouldn't have and didn't murder him.

"In prison he was incorrigible. There was no hope for rehabilitating him at all. The only thing that seemed to interest him were wrestling magazines. He read them constantly. Finally he began going to the gym to work out. Then one day he just disappeared. Broke jail. According to what we found out later, he became a professional wrestler, wearing a mask and calling himself 'The Convict' for obvious reasons. If he hadn't worn the mask or if he used his real name he'd have been hauled off back to jail.

"The interesting part of this case is that while he was out, an investigation revealed that he and his mother *were* framed. A guy we picked up for something else confessed to the murder of The Convict's father. But he never knew. The first time he found out was when he was picked up for assaulting those two ladies. But by then it was too late. He still held us responsible for his mother's death. He hated us and he hated the world. But since he had been innocent of the original charge, he wasn't prosecuted for breaking out of jail. That's why he was eligible for parole. At his second trial he

"Now I'll have a little extra incentive when I get in the ring," The Convict explained.

claimed he was rehabilited through wrestling. But he couldn't get anybody to testify to that as a character witness. He was found guilty and send away again. Now he's on a crusade to get even with every wrestler he faces. Had any of them testified for him he might not have been sent away again. I'll tell you one thing. I'm glad I'm only his parole officer. I'd hate to be one of the guys he meets in the ring!"

Previously, promoters matched The Convict against two, three and sometimes even four wrestlers at one time. With The Convict's present state of mind, three or four opponents might not be enough.

"I don't care how many bums they throw in there against me," The Convict declared. "The more the better. That way I can get even with more of them in less time. I can lick these guys with one hand tied behind my back."

So let the wrestlers and fans be warned. The Convict's on the loose again. And there's not one indication that he's been rehabilited. If anything—he's more dangerous than ever! □

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BRUNO SAMMARTINO'S STARTLING REVELATION

(Continued from Page 25)

title match. It's like a great weight has been lifted from your shoulders. So far I've been lucky. I haven't lost a match since becoming champion."

"It's not just luck," Bruno interrupted. "You're a great champion and you know it. You've handled yourself very well since becoming champion and a lot of guys out there on the west coast are as proud of you as I am. They still ask about you out there, you know. Mil Mascaras says that you learned everything you know from being his tag team partner and that as soon as they allow masked wrestlers in New York he's going to come back here and team up with you again. After that, he told me to tell you he's going to take your title away."

Morales, who's almost like a brother to Mascaras, laughed at the message. "You tell Mil," he joked to Bruno, "that if I used what he taught me I'd still be wrestling in the preliminaries."

"I'll give him the message," Bruno smiled back.

"I'll give you a message!" roared Lou Albano, who walked into the dressing room. "My champion, Baron Michel Sicluna, will make *arroz con pollo* out of you tonight, Morales!"

"Oh oh," Samartino said. "Here he is. The mouth that roared."

"Very funny," Albano shot back. "Not bad for an ex-champion. But just remember, Sammartino, that it was a Lou Albano-managed champion—Ivan Koloff, to be exact—who made an ex-champion out of you. And tonight Sicluna will do the same to this refugee from San Juan."

Morales and Sammartino were in too good a mood to get angry so they just sat and listened to Albano pop off. "He needs that," Bruno explained after loquacious Lou left, "it's his therapy. Now that he doesn't wrestle any more he has no outlet for his emotions. So he talks. He yells and screams and rants and raves. It's good for him. He'll never get an ulcer."

Bruno really had changed. Not too long ago, while he was still champion, Bruno might have allowed Albano's antics to get to him. He'd have tried to pick him up and throw him out of the dressing room bodily—just what Albano, ever the psychologist, would

want.

"That's right," Sammartino agreed. "Last year he would had gotten my blood pressure all worked up. Now the tension's gone. I let Pedro worry about Albano now."

"Usually he'd get to me with remarks like that," Morales added, "him and that weasel the Grand Wizard. But Bruno's convinced me you can't live on the edge of tension. You can't take every remark as a personal insult. If Albano wants to call me names—wonderful. Bruno's new attitude is rubbing off already. A

Bruno waves the American and Italian flags as he enters the ring for a battle against always dangerous Smasher Sloan.

month ago I'd have chased Albano all the way down the corridor."

A man who knows Sammartino as well as anyone—manager Arnold Skoaland—confirmed Bruno's change of personality for us.

"He's a different man," Skoaland said. "He's cool, relaxed, calm. There's no tension. He laughs more. He's at ease. Bruno always used to be so wound up. He's not any more. I agree with him 100 percent. Losing the W.W.W.F. championship *was* the best thing to ever happen to Bruno Sammartino. He knows he can start enjoying life again. And that's exactly what he's been doing!" □

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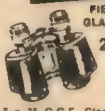

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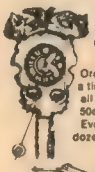

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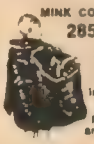

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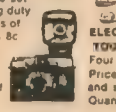

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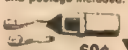

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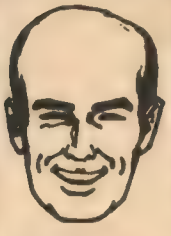

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(Continued from Page 10)

by becoming a good guy," accused Abdullah Farouk, The Sheik's manager. "Let's get the title back into the hands of someone who deserves it—a man and not a chicken—The Sheik!"

The match turned out to be one of the biggest bloodbaths wrestling has ever seen. The verdict was a draw—both Tolos and The Sheik were disqualified.

At Modesto: Paul DeMarco, Ripper Collins and Haru Sasaki upset Rocky Johnson, Pepper Gomez and Peter Maivia..."Luscious" Lars Anderson stopped Argentina Rocca... Rocky Johnson wrestled to a draw with Paul DeMarco.

PENNSYLVANIA ACTION
By Bruce Block and Thomas Kovach

BRUNO SAMMARTINO headlined the last two cards at the Civic Arena. The first one saw the former W.W.W.F. champ wrestle Stan "The Man" Stasiak in a steel cage! This cage match came about as a result of their last match together in which both men wrestled more outside the ring than inside. The cage was the only way to guarantee a certain victory for one of them!

It's good that Bruno has a lot of wind. He had to chase Stasiak around the ring 10 times before he could get hold of him! Stasiak was his usual self after awhile—kicking, biting and breaking every rule possible. But the former champ completely overpowered the Polish giant and pinned him after nine minutes of wild action.

Bruno's second challenger was Ernie Ladd. This was just two weeks after his match with Stasiak.

"I'm bigger than Sammartino, more talented, and much more handsome," Ladd boasted on TV. "I'll destroy that bum!"

Big Ernie Ladd was disqualified in a match against Bruno Sammartino when he fouled him with a low blow. Bruno is ripping mad and is asking for a return match so he can settle the score with big Ernie.

"My record speaks for myself," Bruno commented. "I've beaten Ladd before and I know I can do it again."

Bruno wrestled Ladd hold for hold and punch for punch. But Ladd punched once too often. He hit Bruno with a low blow and was disqualified. Now Bruno wants a return bout with Ladd so he can get a clear victory over him.

Bobby Heenan and Gregg Valentine Jr. ventured here to wrestle Gito Mongol and Johnny DeFazio. But they left quickly—they were defeated... Waldo Von Erich stopped Luis Martinez...Chris Colt upset Johnny Furr ...Dr. Bill Miller pounded Jim Grabmire.

THE FLORIDA MAT
By Lin Lorimer and Tom Goode

TIM WOODS wrestled Bobby Shane in a no disqualification, no time limit bout for the undisputed Southern Heavyweight Championship

Bobby Shane is no longer the Southern Heavyweight Champion! He lost his belt to popular Tim Woods in a wild, no time limit, no disqualification match. Shane was terrorizing Tim when the tables were suddenly turned and before Bobby knew it he was an ex-champ!

—and what a wild match it was! At the start, Shane threw Woods out of the ring and then went after him. Out in the audience Woods was able to secure a headlock on Shane. Then he ran, with Shane still clamped in a headlock, towards the outside ringpost. Wham! Tim smashed Bobby's head into it! Shane fell to the floor grabbing his head and screaming in pain. Woods followed quickly by picking Bobby up and trying to repeat the same action. But this time Shane was able to wiggle himself free and that sent Tim smashing headfirst into the ringpost! He fell to the floor. Then Bobby picked him up, threw him into the ring, climbed in himself, and went to work kicking Woods' head. Bobby concentrated so hard on busting Tim's head he forgot Woods had other parts of his anatomy he could put to good use. Tim used his legs to trip Shane and then he flung him into the ropes. When Bobby came back on the rebound, Tim jumped over him, grabbed him by the waist, flipped him over, and pinned him! It happened so fast that neither Shane nor Woods could believe it. Woods left the ring wearing the Southern Heavyweight Championship belt!

Bearcat Wright has started a reign of terror in Florida and he's started it by almost killing Boris Malenko. In their match, Bearcat head-butted Boris until his face was a mass of blood. The referee halted the match because he was afraid Boris might bleed to death!

Johnny Valentine showed fans he's one of the most brutal wrestlers in the world by almost crippling Johnny Walker. Walker suffered an elbow injury at the hands of Valentine and is out of commission as of this writing. □

MY TEACHER IS A WRESTLER!"

(Continued from Page 21)

But I noticed something else seemed to be on her mind. Finally, she got around to it.

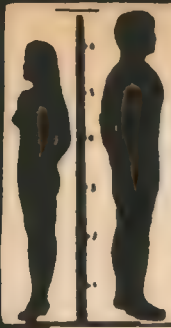
"She told me she hadn't really come up to speak about her child. 'Well what is it then?' I asked. I could tell she was embarrassed. Finally, she blurted out that she and her husband had been having some wild arguments and she wanted to know if I'd teach her some of my wrestling holds to use on him!"

Because of her excellent relationship with the parents of the children in her class, Mary has a built-in rooting section every time she wrestles near where she teaches. Even parents who didn't like the idea at first are now rabid fans.

Her night's grappling over, Mary becomes a teacher again. She says wrestling's a great training ground for teaching.

Eventually, Mary wants to become a social worker and considers wrestling an excellent background for such work. "You meet so many different types of people—wrestlers and fans alike—this is a great training ground," she said.

And besides, if she runs into trouble—she's one social worker nobody's going to mess with! □



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SAKAGUCHI WINS A TITLE

(Continued from Page 41)

and had the champion reeling from a series of body slams. And when he lifted him up on his powerful shoulders for his favorite submission hold—the Backbreaker—everyone knew it was over. Krow conceded and Sakaguchi jumped around the ring like a man who just inherited a million dollars.

Takachi ran into the ring and embraced Saka. Then, something I never before saw, happened. Saka, overcome with happiness and emotion, actually grabbed the referee and lifted him high in the air.

Takachi helped put the championship belt around Saka's waist and led him down to the microphone and camera where Koru Ryoshi waited to interview him. And there were tears in Saka's eyes as he spoke, in Japanese, to his people so far away.

"This is the happiest moment of my life," Saka said with obvious emotion. "To win a major American championship is reason enough for happiness. But to win it when your countrymen are watching on satellite television thousands of miles away is just a dream come true. Therefore, I dedicate my victory to the people of Japan, to my loyal fans who have been so kind to me. I also would like you to know that the wonderful fans here in Los Angeles were also behind me and I think it is a great symbol of international sportsmanship that American fans cheered my triumph as well."

In typical Japanese style, Saka refused to belittle his opponent, despite what Krow had said earlier about him and despite some of the illegal tactics he used during the match.

"I have the highest respect for Mr. King Krow," Saka told Ryoshi. "He was the champion and to wear such a belt means he is a formidable wrestler. I hold no malice towards him or any man. I am too happy now. I just want you to know that I shall always try to bring honor to this belt for as long as I am fortunate enough to be its holder."

When the interview ended, people poured out of their apartments to celebrate in the streets. Automobile horns were blowing and people were laughing and shouting. It was the strangest 6 a.m. I've ever seen. And well worth getting up a few hours early for. At least that's what the average man in the street thought.

A standup Boston Crab twists King Krow's neck under his body and wins the first fall for Sakaguchi. After being declared the new champion Saka told the TV audience "This is the happiest moment in my life."

"We've seen many American wrestlers come to Japan and many of our stars have wrestled in America," Suzeki Yanigasawa, an important Japanese promoter, told me. "But we've never had the opportunity to see how wrestling is conducted in the United States. I hope this leads to wrestling matches from Japan being televised to America as well. There are many American wrestlers we've read about—people like Bruiser and Dory Funk and Pedro Morales and Jerry Brisco—whom our people have never seen. Even when American wrestlers like Bruno Sammartino and Bobby Shane and Mil Mascaras come to Japan, the ticket demand is so great only a fraction of the wrestling fans can ever get to see them. I hope that this telecast is the beginning of televised matches between our countries."

Of all the people I talked to not one expressed anything but favorable comments about the televised show. And all reacted similarly to Mr. Yanigasawa in saying they hoped it would become a regular program.

The only one whom I imagine might object is King Krow. More people saw him lose his championship than any other wrestler in history! □

Another JOE WEIDER breakthrough:

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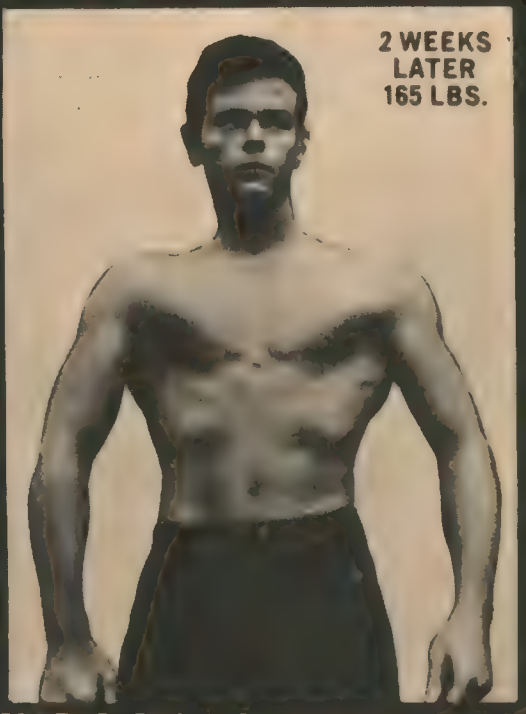

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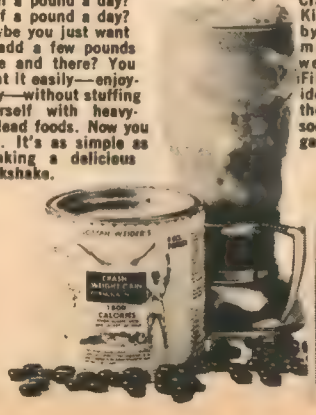

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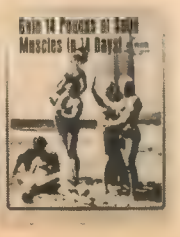

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VERNE GAGNE

(Continued from Page 18)

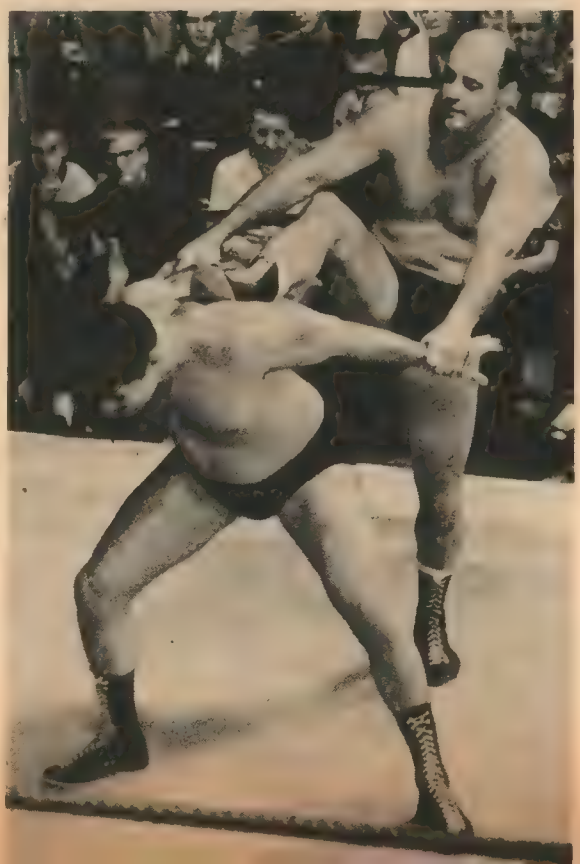
of the all-time greats even if he retired tomorrow—he still strives to make himself a better wrestler. He never stops working on improving his techniques. Despite his success, Verne has never allowed himself to relax or sit back and enjoy the fruits of his labor. He works every bit as hard now as he did when he was a youngster fresh out of the University of Minnesota.

When a man has been a champion for as long as Gagne has, it would not be unusual for him to curtail his schedule and enjoy his family life more. But that's not the case with Verne. The role of a world champion, as all world champions have found out, is a lonely one. Everyone wants a crack at your title and some will go to any means to take that title. Verne does not like to turn down any worthy challengers so his schedule often calls for him to be in Omaha, Nebraska, one day and up in Canada the next. He's on the road so much he's practically a stranger to his family. So to help compensate for this, he spends as much time as possible at his home in Minnesota and enjoys family outings and skiing and horseback riding.

Verne does a little weight-lifting but doesn't depend on weights to keep fit. For that he relies on the old tried and true standbys like push-ups, leg raises and knee bends. His limited use of weights leads him to admit "I'm not very strong. I prefer to train for agility and speed rather than brute strength." It has certainly paid off. Because Verne weighs exactly the same 228 pounds he weighed more than 20 years ago when he first broke into wrestling! And in the modern world of the super athlete, Verne's 228 pounds is indeed small. His record against heavier and stronger adversaries, therefore, becomes even more impressive.

While there are still areas, as we have seen, that do not consider Gagne the champion, there is nobody in the sport who will attempt to refute his long and successful career. Still, Gagne does not feel bad about being viewed as one of three world champions. He feels he is the true champion and the others will have to beat him before they can get worldwide recognition as a *world* champion.

Gagne's reign has not gone uninterrupted. Putting up with the severest kind of physical punishment, Verne has almost always managed to hold onto his title. But even the rare times he was beaten in title matches—he always managed to win the crown right back. You might be able to upset Verne on one of his off nights, but nobody's beaten him twice in a row when that championship has been at stake.



If he retired today Verne Gagne would be assured of a most prominent place in wrestling history. But he still goes to the gym and lifts weights (above) every day—just as he did when he first broke in as a youngster. Right: Verne ends this match by trapping Jack Allen in a Bow And Arrow. No wrestler has a better knowledge of holds than the A.W.A. king.

Verne Gagne isn't getting any younger, and since almost every match now is a title match, which means an hour time limit against some of the best names in the business, his schedule is even more difficult than it was when he was a younger man. But week after week, year after year, Gagne continues, rolling up triumph after triumph with no end in sight.

As we said at the beginning of the story, champions have come and champions have gone. But Verne Gagne has been a champion since long before many wrestling fans were born. He is still with us. And whether one area recognizes his title or not—wrestling is much better off for having Verne Gagne around! □

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"LA PANTERA NEGRA IS AFRAID OF ME!"

(Continued from Page 27)

Not content with a mere body scissors, Lewis adds an extra touch (left) by trying to twist Pantera's head in a direction it's not supposed to go. Below: Negra turns the hold to his advantage and now he owns the body scissors. But it was a bad move as it led to Lewis's pin.

recalled. "Win, lose or draw, I would wrestle in eight matches. There were no return match contracts and I had other bookings in Florida right afterwards. It was a risk for me to take but I didn't mind. Fortunately, I won all of my matches and returned to Florida with my title.

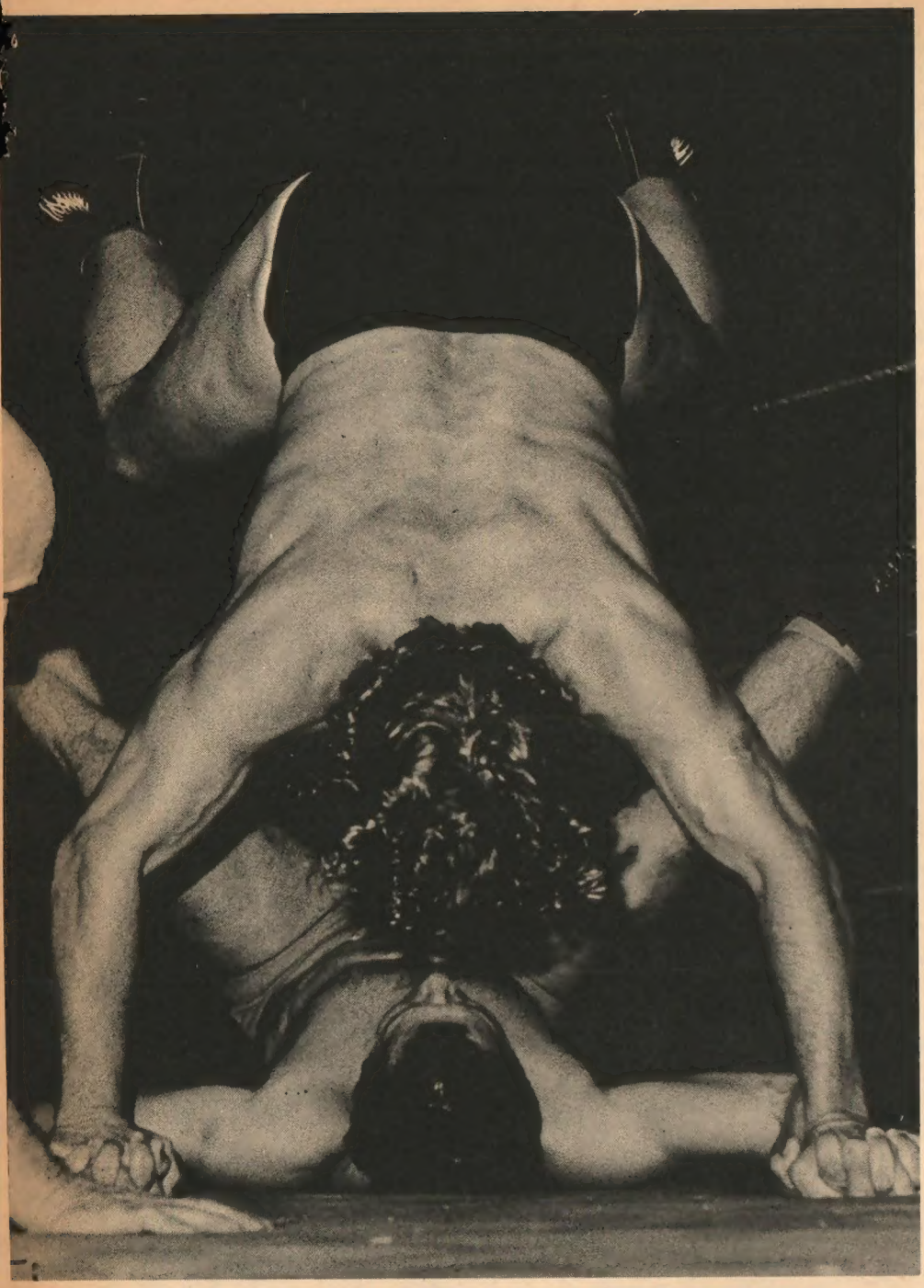
"But in the seventh match, one week before I had to leave California, I wrestled Negra. It was a good clean match and I pinned him fair and square. But he claimed his foot was over the rope and the referee didn't see it. The people at ringside had differing opinions. Some said his leg was definitely on the ropes and some said it wasn't. However, the referee never saw it and that should have been that. To this day I really don't know whether or not his ankle was touching the rope.

"However, Negra wouldn't let it end there. He went around complaining about the decision and demanding I give him a rematch. Now he *knew* my schedule commitments. He *knew* I was going to be there for only one more week. And he *knew* that if he had beaten me I couldn't even have stayed for a rematch to get my title back. But he didn't say that. He just spread the word that I *refused* to give him another chance. Nobody listened to my side of it. Since he's a big hero out here I came off looking like a bad guy. But there was nothing I could do.

"I stayed in the east for awhile but a few months ago I got the traveling bug again. I figured I'd take a couple of matches in Los Angeles and even took the time to drop Negra a note telling him I'd be here and offering him another match. Of course, I no longer had the title, but I figured I'd give him his chance to get it out of his system. I told him to arrange with the matchmaker out here for a match. I never heard a word from him. Now I'm here and he's in hiding. I think that shows you what kind of man La Pantera Negra is!"

Contacted in Acapulco, Negra gave a completely different version of the story. He claimed he never received a letter from Lewis, had no idea he was returning to California, and really couldn't care less that he had. "That was more than two years ago," Negra laughed. "If Lewis thinks he's important enough for me to hold a grudge against him for two years he's nuts. Sure I was angry at the time. I felt he should have given me a rematch. Everyone knew my foot was on the rope.

"He claimed that his contract called for only a certain number of matches and that he had to get back to Florida. That was only a coverup. It just so happens that



This handstand and pin is what caused the controversy. Pantera was counted out, but look at his right foot. He claims it was on the ropes. The referee, busy checking Negra's shoulders, never looked over at his leg. The pin cost Pantera his United National title.

his schedule wasn't as crowded as he says and that he could very easily have given me another match. But after he left I forgot about it almost immediately and I must say I haven't thought of Mr. Lewis since. And he certainly isn't important enough to make me give up my vacation here and come back to L.A. to wrestle him. This is the first vacation I've had in over a year. Dale Lewis is not worth interrupting it for—no matter what names he calls me."

After his match against Woody Farmer, we told Lewis what Negra had said. It served only to make him angrier. "That's about what you'd figure he'd say!" Lewis roared. "Strange isn't it, that two days before I get here—and he *knew* I was going to be here—he cuts out of town! I think the meaning is obvious. La Pantera Negra is afraid of me. I called his bluff and offered him the rematch he complained about. And now that I've called his bluff he runs away. I say if he ever wants to be believed again . . . if he doesn't want to be considered the laughingstock of wrestling . . . he *must* come out of hiding and wrestle me."

To get the inside story of what happened, we asked referee Hank Martini what he remembered about the match. "Wow," he said, "that was quite awhile ago. All I remember is that Negra complained I counted him out while his ankle was draped over the rope. Now it's possible it was and that I didn't see it although I doubt it. I usually turn around and check for things like that. But I do remember Negra wanting a rematch and that Lewis wouldn't give it to him because he had to leave for Florida. Contracts? Nope. I don't know anything about that. If he says he had to go back I guess he had to."

But a check with the promoter's office revealed no such series of eight contracts like those Lewis spoke about. As far as anyone remembered, Lewis just came out there, signed for a few matches and left when he felt like.

Lewis stayed in California for only three weeks this trip, but while he was there he didn't stop talking about Negra. In fact, he claimed that just about the only reason he returned to the coast was to meet Negra again.

"Look," he explained, "even if I didn't have to leave, there's nothing that says I had to give Negra a rematch that time. It wasn't specified in the contract. Hell, it was *my* title. If anybody would have been entitled to a rematch it would have been *me*. But the point is that even though I had no obligation to ever wrestle Negra again—I came back to give him his chance. I think it's a wonderful gesture on my part. So what does he do? He hides!"

Lewis left the west coast a few days after our interview. He never did get to see La Pantera Negra. And Negra? Was he upset about Lewis's saying he was afraid of him.

"Oh definitely," he said sarcastically after he returned to L.A. "I was so upset when you told me—I went swimming, had a good lunch, and took a nice, long nap on the beach!" □

AN EXPERT ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT MUSCLES

Our files show that thousands of readers like yourself want to build bulging muscles and achieve real physical power like their favorite athletic champions. How to go about it? We decided to ask an expert, Dave Prowse, 3-times British Weightlifting champion and leading fitness expert. Here are his answers.

Q. *What does it take to build muscles?*

A. Basically, it takes exercise. Almost any exercise will help to develop at least some of your muscles if you keep at it long enough and hard enough.

Q. *Isn't there an easier way?*

A. Yes. There is one outstandingly effective training method that is also fast and easy—the one I use and recommend—the new Bullworker system.

Q. *What's that?*

A. The Bullworker is a revolutionary new muscle-building exerciser based on Isometrics, the science that increases strength up to four times faster than conventional methods. In my opinion, it's the most advanced training system in the world today. Many leading athletes use it: World-famous Heavyweight Boxer Muhammad Ali, World Heavyweight Judo Champion Wim Ruska, and Cycling Champion Eddy Merckx, to name only a few.

Q. *How long does Bullworker training take?*

A. Bullworker provides absolutely the fastest kind of exercise possible. In fact, an introduction training program takes only 70 seconds a day. No other system—weightlifting, pulleys, or strenuous calisthenics—can give you results so quickly and easily. On the contrary, many old-fashioned methods take hours of sweaty, boring work each day... and it's often months before you begin to see improvements. Busy professional athletes and champions don't have time for that. Nobody does.

Q. *How long does it take before you begin getting results?*

A. With the Bullworker, you can actually begin to see and measure the positive results right from the very first day! Thanks to a built-in measuring device called the Powermeter. After every exercise you just check the reading to see exactly how much your strength has increased from the day before. There's no guesswork involved. Isometric Bullworker training can increase your power at the amazing rate of up to 4% per week! That means a 50% increase in strength in the first three months alone. And I've known many young men who have gone on to double and even triple their strength.

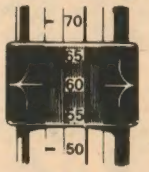
Jack Barclay, Junior Mr. Europe shows the kind of results he achieved with Isometric Bullworker training.

Dave Prowse, 3-time British Weightlifting champion, demonstrates a super-effective 7-second exercise for building powerful biceps... using the new Bullworker with built-in powermeter.

Q. *What do those figures mean in visual terms?*

A. They mean that in as little as 14 days you can actually begin to *see* muscle growth in a mirror and *verify* it with a tape measure. Every week thereafter brings ever faster growth.

Built-in Powermeter
You can actually measure your musclepower g-r-o-w-i-n-g from the very first day.



Q. *But to get such impressive results, don't you have to work very hard?*

A. Absolutely not. That's the outstanding advantage of Isometric training... it's so amazingly easy! Each "Static-power" Isometric exercise takes *only 7 seconds,* and you barely have to move. It's not even necessary to disrobe. The Bullworker is so light and compact, it can be used at home, in the office, anywhere... even while watching TV! It's a great improvement over bulky, expensive weights, bicycle machines, pulleys, etc.

Q. *Can Bullworker training even develop bodies which are weak and skinny, or fat and flabby?*

A. Definitely! It's been proven by thousands of men of every shape, size and age all over the world. Bullworker training helps transform weak, thin arms into rippling, muscular pillars of strength, build broad, powerful shoulders, turn flat, shallow chests into deep, manly ones, forge loose stomach flab into steel-hard, well-defined muscle... build that "V" shape of a real athlete, develop sturdy, contoured thighs and calves.... And all this in *record time!*

What's more, I've known skinny, shy fellows who, after just a few short weeks with Bullworker, turned into real go-getters... every inch a man... bowling girls over with their dynamism, confidence, and new found power! You really have to see the remarkable effects of Bullworker for yourself to believe them!

Q. *How can our readers find out more about the Bullworker, perhaps actually try it for themselves?*

A. I understand that the Bullworker distributor in the USA is now making it available—free—on a two week home-trial basis in order to introduce it to the general public. If your readers are interested in developing their bodies, in building muscles and strength faster than ever before possible, I suggest that they contact the US distributor for full details.

© BULLWORKER SERVICE,
175 Community Drive, Great Neck, N.Y. 11021

FREE BOOKLET

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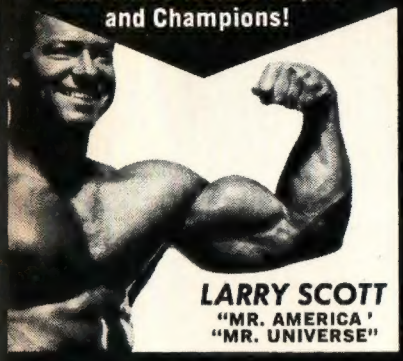
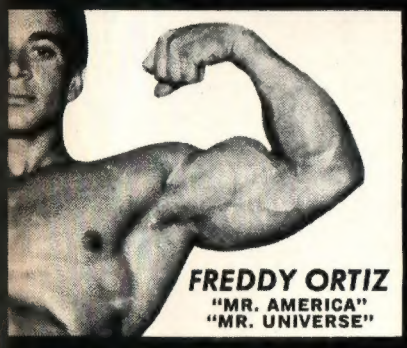


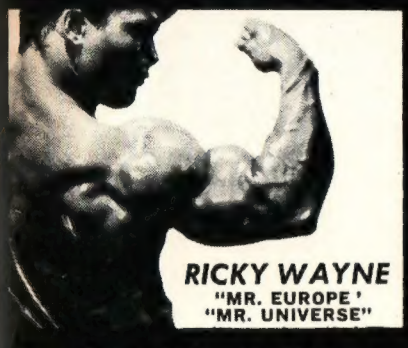
LARRY SCOTT
"MR. AMERICA"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Twice "Mr. Olympia" winner—Larry stands 5' 7", weighs 205 lbs. and has a pair of 20" arms! He is considered one of the world's best-built men—but he was a 136-lb. weakling before mailing the coupon! **This Can Happen To You Too!**



FREDDY ORTIZ
"MR. AMERICA"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Winner—Freddy stands 5' 5", weighs 185 lbs. of rock-hard muscle. His arms measure 19" and he is considered the best-built short man in the world. Yet, he was a 115-lb. skinny weakling before sending in the coupon! **Why Not You?**



RICKY WAYNE
"MR. EUROPE"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Winner—Ricky is 5' 8", weighs 198 lbs. of Herculean muscle. His arms measure a full 19¼", and he is considered the best-built man in Europe today. He weighed a pityfull 123 lbs. before sending the coupon! **And It Can Happen To You!**

CHUCK SIPES
"MR. AMERICA"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Winner—Chuck stands 6', weighs 225 lbs., and has a pair of 20" arms—among the strongest in the world! He was a 141-lb. weakling before sending in the free coupon! **Now How About You?**

Weider-Pupil
DAVE DRAPER
"MR. AMERICA"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Winner, and movie-TV star—Dave stands 6' 2", weighs 235 lbs. and owns the largest arms in the world—21" upper-arm, 17" lower-arm! Yet, he was **fat and flabby** before mailing the coupon! **But Why Wait? Rush!**

FREE! MUSCLE COURSE THAT CAN ADD 3 INCHES TO YOUR ARMS *FAST!*

...AND MAKE YOU INTO AN ATHLETIC VIRILE HE-MAN!!

In half the time, with twice the ease, in the privacy of your own room, in just a few minutes a day, I will, through my "TRIPLE-PROGRESSION COURSE" that I want to send you FREE, guarantee that virtually overnight, you will experience a muscle-building miracle! Before your eyes you'll slap on inches of steel-hard muscles to your pipe-stem arms, pack your chest with power and size, give yourself life-guard shoulders, dynamic, speedy, athletic legs. Add jet-charged strength to every muscle in your body. I don't care if, today, you own the scraggiest, flabbiest, skinniest or funniest-looking body, whether you're tall or short, young or not-so-young, skinny or fat, office-worker, laborer, school-boy or businessman, I must make a new, virile he-man out of you—with handsome muscles bursting out all over! They will ripple with power, vibrate with energy! And for the fist time in your life, men will envy your body—women admire it, because at last you will own a body that brings you fame instead of shame! What I did for Dave Draper "Mr. Universe" winner, and for hundreds of other champions since 1936, I am ready to do for you! A-C-T-I-O-N is the key to strength! Fill out the coupon below NOW! Rush it to me—and in hours, with no charge to you—at my own expense, you too, like Dave Draper did, will start putting an end to your weakness! You have nothing to lose but your weakness! ACT NOW!—SUPPLY IS LIMITED!

THIS GIANT 32 PAGE COURSE

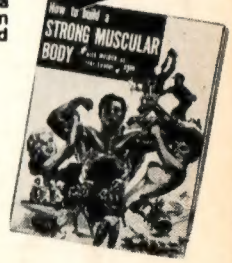
ABSOLUTELY FREE!

WRITE TO: **JOE WEIDER** Dept. 209-72G
TRAINER OF CHAMPIONS SINCE 1936,
25 Maple Street Norwood, N.J. 07648

JOE WEIDER
Personal trainer of "Mr. America" "Mr. Universe" "Mr. Canada" perfect men title winners since 1936 — and over 2,000,000 successful pupils the world over!

Dear Joe: Shoot the works! I am saying YES to becoming a New Man! Rush me your free Muscle-Building information which I can use right now at home to build a handsome and useful body.

I enclose only 25¢ to cover the cost of handling and mailing. I am under no further obligation.



NAME_____

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(Please print clearly)

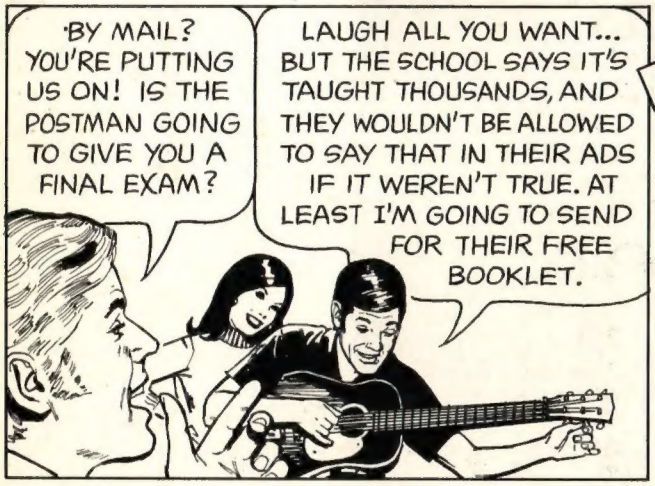
I have √ where I need more muscle:

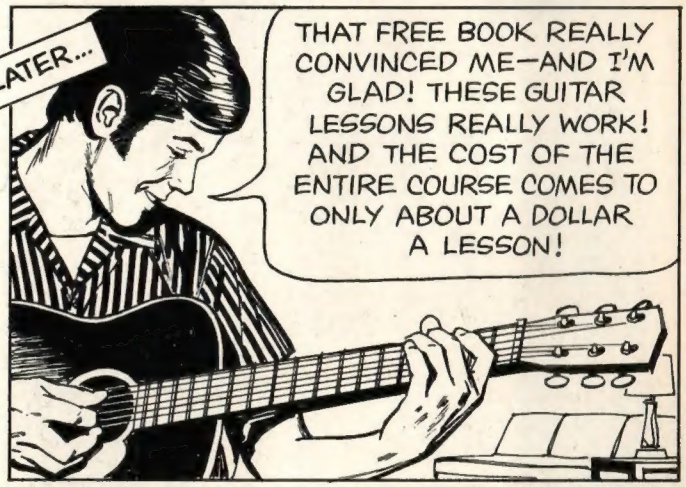
I Want: ☐ Bigger Arms ☐ Larger Neck ☐ Deeper Chest
☐ Trim Waist ☐ Athletic Legs ☐ Added Weight
☐ Broader Shoulders ☐ More Endurance and Power

MAIL COUPON TODAY! NO OBLIGATION! NOTHING TO BUY!

They laughed when Bill took music lessons by mail

—but now they've changed their tune!





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